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Contents

The Week 81

Editorials
- Back to Europe 84
- The Failure of Railroad Arbitration 86
- Dime Literature 87

General Articles
- Education as Engineering ..... John Dewey 89
- Women and "Their" Magazines .. Anne Martin 91
- Tin-Mines and Orchids ..... Charles Merz 93
- Five Trees (Verse) ..... Louis Untermeyer 96
- Fact-Finding ..... Leo Wolman 97

The Crow's Nest ..... Clarence Day, Jr. 99

The So So and the Future ..... Stark Young 100

Correspondence 101

Reviews of Books
- Mr. Punch's Humor ..... Lewis Mumford 102
- Two Recent Books on the Philippines ..... H. Parker Willis 103
- A Delia for a Juliette .. Florence Guy Woolston 104
- Ascent ..... E. W. Lohrke 104
- Dr. Foulke's Table Talk ..... A. W. Vernon 105
- Victorian Bibliography ..... Esther Murphy 105
- Matthew Prior ..... R. D. Jameson 106

The Week

THE immediate response to Mr. Daugherty's injunction was so indignant that the administration recoiled. On Tuesday President Harding explained that the order would not be used to abridge personal liberty, and Mr. Daugherty pointed to his record as assurance that he would never participate in any effort to abridge the right of free speech and of free press. It was the general belief that the government would modify the injunction considerably in asking that it be made permanent. By the close of the week, however, the administration had recovered its nerve, and the Attorney General set forth to Chicago with a full legal armament including secret service, bomb throwers, and tanks.

ON the face of it the order is in flat restraint of freedom of speech. It enjoins members of the shop crafts unions from seeking to dissuade strike breakers by peaceful picketing, or by communication whether by word of mouth, letter, telephone or the press. Inasmuch as any communication in regard to the strike may have the effect of inducing men to leave the employ of the railroads, the injunction virtually forbids discussion of this topic by the striking men. At the same time it enjoins officers of the unions from addressing their rank and file with reference to strike activities. It is very well for the Attorney General to say that he will go no further in the application of the injunction than necessary. By what authority is he constituted the judge of a necessity that apparently knows no law?

THE case against the injunction was ably presented by Donald R. Richberg. He pointed out that the acts involved in calling and conducting the strike were entirely lawful; that the injunction rests on a presumption that the defendants are under a legal obligation to obey the decision of the Railroad Labor Board, which is contrary to fact; that the Attorney General has no right to use the power of the government in aid of the open shop to prevent labor from doing any lawful thing. He cited the decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals at Indianapolis, according to which either employers or union men may have free access and appeal to unemployed or unorganized workers in behalf of their respective points of view. He charged the Attorney General with having betrayed the confidence of the court and urged the dissolution of the injunction as the most effective means of asserting the dignity of the court and its rebuke of the invasion of constitutional rights. Judge Wilkerson's reply was to continue the injunction for ten days.

THE observations of Mr. Hueffer, recently published in the New Republic, as to the suffering of Germany under the foreign invasion are borne out by a letter which we regret that we cannot publish in full. The writer, an American college professor, remarks that "any foreigner recently travelling about in Germany must feel like a licensed bandit. You

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travel from Berlin to Munich, first class, for eighty cents. A good meal in a Munich keller, with a half litre of the best brew in the world, comes to ten cents. Linen, books, jewelry, theatre tickets in the same proportion. These conditions are no secret among Germany's neighbors who are here in hordes to buy up everything in sight. On the train it is like a menagerie, every species of genus homo crowds the compartments of the first and second class to suffocation, loaded with grips, baskets, and even sacks into which they have crammed the loot of the country. The Germans themselves may be found in the third and fourth class carriages. The last has become general since the war and carries over half of the travelling public. Apparently the German idea is to die sight-seeing if die they must. I look forward to the time when the star with which Baedeker has traditionally indicated a schöne Aussicht will carry the additional information: Deutsches Massengrab."

THE writer speaks of two political consequences: "first, a solidification of national sentiment to such an extent that there is not the least probability of Germany falling apart in spite of terrific party differences; second, the despair and hate possessing all hearts are such that a Befreiungskrieg, even though it offer as good as no prospect of success, is a grave probability. It may not be the French march into the Ruhr which will throw the spark into the powder barrel, for it is the unexpected event which finally releases a tension such as has been created here—vide Sarajevo—but the explosion to mere human calculation seems inevitable. Nothing can hinder it but a complete reversion of Entente policy and an early revision of the Treaty of Versailles, and who expects such a miracle as that?"

THE rout of the Greeks in Asia Minor is complete. Their forces fell back on Smyrna so rapidly as to bring to nought the hopes of the Allied powers that a stand might be effected which, in connection with the difficult terrain, would hold up the Turkish advance until something could be done. Even Smyrna itself could not be held, and the powers did not attempt to hold it, but allowed the Greeks to surrender to Kemal Pasha. The Turks entered the city in the consecrated name of freedom. They probably maintain that they are fighting to make Asia Minor safe for democracy. The only hope for the Christian minorities in their victorious path is in their acceptance of some such slogan in a more literal sense than other victors in other wars. The reply of Kemal Pasha to the League of Nations, refusing to be responsible for the restraint of his followers from massacre, has an ominous sound. The League may have occasion to regret its complacency in the matter of the behavior of the French in Syria.

MEANWHILE the repercussion of the Turkish victory is felt throughout Islam. In Constantinople the popular demonstration was so threatening that the Allied government called on the Turkish authorities to preserve order. In Egypt the Nationalists are increasing their activity, and in India the Khilafat movement has received a new impulse. The French control of Syria and English control of Palestine and Mesopotamia are threatened. The best hope of placating the revived Turkish power is to surrender Thrace. It may be taken for granted that no tenderness for Greece on the part of the Allies will prevent such a step. The Greeks have played the Allied game and lost. The Greek statesman who can speak with most persuasiveness to the Allied powers on this matter is Venizelos, and it is entirely possible that he may be called to the helm again by another abdication of Constantine.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE has been returned by a handsome margin in his state. We congratulate him, as everyone must who admires a brave heart and an independent mind. Some of the least likely people are wishing him well in his victory. Mr. Gompers, for instance, contributes somewhat to the Robert La Follette boom for President launched by leaders of the A. F. of L., saying "Bob La Follette is a great American." This seems high praise when one recalls that it comes from a man whose position in regard to the war, patriotism, freedom and so forth has been about as different from Senator La Follette's as could be. It seems an even more remarkable tribute that in this matter Mr. Gompers should have changed a mind which apparently he will never change on the subject of the Russian Revolution as long as he lives. But is Mr. Gompers's endorsement of La Follette so remarkable after all? Mr. Gompers has been doing quite a lot of endorsing lately, with equal enthusiasm. After "viewing the rolling chair parade and attending the ball of the beauties" at Atlantic City recently, Mr. Gompers said: "I have travelled afar, but this is the greatest treat I was ever afforded."

SCORE a black mark against the public of Minneapolis for passing up the chance of listening to a voice but rarely heard. A silent man was ready to talk to them, but they silenced him. "Vice President Coolidge was booed by a crowd of 20,000 attending the Minnesota State Fair and forced to quit in the middle of a set speech devoted to agri-

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cultural problems and the interests of the Northwest." As he began to talk a man in the bleachers called out: "Come on to the races. We're for you, Mr. Coolidge; we'll vote for you if that's what you want. But we want the races." The incident —says the press despatch—was "laid to the intense heat." If the weather were always at 90°, we might have more of these silent politicians.

THE New York World off its own bat has made two hits in the game of Anglo-American relations. It has procured through the energetic Mrs. Clare Sheridan an interview with Rudyard Kipling in which he expressed his acrimonious dissatisfaction with American participation in the war. Specifically he said that America went into the war two years, seven months and four days too late, forced a premature peace, and quit the day of the armistice without waiting to see the thing through. On all three points controversy has revived. Was the cause of the Allies so holy that it should instantly have commanded the adherence of the United States? Was the armistice premature, or was it dictated by the military necessities of the Allies? Did the United States quit cold on armistice day, or make a sincere effort to bring about such a settlement of Europe as the Allies declared they were fighting for? There will be much to say on both sides. Meanwhile we think that Mr. Kipling, far from loosening the bonds of sympathy between Britain and the United States, has really knit them tighter. Americans may reflect that while they have to pay attention to Mr. Kipling only at long intervals, the English have to put up with him all the time.

THE second hit is the discovery of the fact that the Encyclopaedia Britannica has treated our late Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, with little respect. "The article is less than 200 words," complains the World, "contrasting with one in the next column devoted to Arthur James Balfour which is ten times as long—and begins by referring to Mr. Baker as an 'American politician.' Mr. Balfour is described as a 'British statesman.'" The sting of the article is in the characterization of Mr. Baker as "lacking in energy, foresight, and ability." Once more there is a storm of controversy, and hundreds of persons associated with Mr. Baker in the conduct of the war have risen to his defence. We fail to find in their testimony anything bearing on the outrageous waste in the department under Mr. Baker's administration, extending in some cases to colossal fraud. On the whole we congratulate Mr. Baker. He is certainly the luckiest wartime Secretary of War we have ever had. Not only did he escape the usual fate of his predecessors of being made a scapegoat and dismissed, but by virtue of this attack from a friendly but critical power he will have the obligation to seek vindication at the polls—and with such an issue he will probably find it.

ONE of the funniest stories which we have read for some time is the Times first page account of the protest to the Assembly of the League of Nations by Delegate Bellegarde of Haiti, against the action of South Africa in dropping bombs from airplanes upon one of their mandated tribes who refused to pay a dog tax. It appears in the report rendered by the South African delegates that the people in question are the Bondels. In 1921 a dog tax was levied of one pound sterling on one dog, graded up to ten pounds on five dogs. The reason given was that the natives used the dogs for hunting, and while thus engaged were not available for engagements to work. The Bondels tried to raise the money but gave up in despair. In the "fighting" eighty or a hundred were killed, including women and children. The report admits the use of bombs from the air. These are the facts, but we cannot reproduce the sprightly manner in which they are presented, either by the South African delegates or the Times correspondent. We have noticed nothing like it since the gaiety excited by Amritsar.

THE tariff has finally emerged from conference with all its abominations intact. There is the wool schedule, the sugar schedule, the wheat schedule. Even the dye embargo, which was eliminated from the bill by both House and Senate, has been restored in conference, and the alignment of interests is such that it will probably be pushed over along with the rest. A final comment on the ways of tariff makers was afforded by the decision of the conference to place shingles on the free list in response to the pleas and threats of Senators Nelson and Kellogg of Minnesota. It seems that the lumber interests of this state have extended their operations into Canada, and as they no longer recognize the boundary, it is abolished so far as their products are concerned.

IT is a frequent statement of American officials that there are no obstacles to trade between the United States and Russia except the fact that Russia has nothing to exchange. The statement is untrue, and will remain so until the Soviet government is recognized and given standing in our courts. Trade between the United States and Russia must take place by contract between the Soviet government and American firms. Now the Soviet government may be sued in American courts; it

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has no right to bring suit. Its contracts are not protected by American justice because it has no existence in the eyes of the American government. This is one of the chief reasons for bringing about the recognition of Russia. The National Labor Alliance for Trade Relations with and Recognition of Russia has been formed for this purpose, with William H. Johnstone, Jerome T. De Hunt, Timothy Healy, James H. Maurer and others on the Advisory Committee. It asks that letters on the subject be sent to the State Department, and copies forwarded to Miss Nina Samorodin, Secretary, 138 West 13th Street, New York.

Back to Europe

SINCE the armistice the supreme authority in Europe has been the conferences of the Allied nations. There have been counted more than a dozen of such gatherings, some of which have included neutrals. They have met in various cities, each meeting place being for the moment the capital of Europe. They have brought the real governors of nations into closer and more personal contact than ever before. They have been held under conditions which involved a certain amount of publicity—enough to make public criticism a factor in their decisions. They have succeeded each other automatically; for the most part the only accomplishment of a conference was to insure the prolongation of its efforts by its successor. At these conferences the United States was represented only informally. Since the Senate refused to ratify the work of the first conference at Paris, in which our representatives took a leading part, the connection which bound the United States to its associates was broken. It is true the United States initiated a conference on its own account for the purpose of limiting armament and minimizing the causes of war in a region in which it had peculiar interests, the Pacific. Undoubtedly the measure of acquiescence if not enthusiasm with which European nations accepted the Washington Conference was inspired in part by the hope that the United States would become reconverted to the conference method, or at least would be moved to reciprocate the courteous attention with which they considered problems having to some of them only a secondary importance. But these expectations were vain. To the invitation duly extended to the next European conference, described as economic and meeting at Genoa, Mr. Hughes returned a refusal accompanied by a frank and comprehensive statement of his reasons, and public opinion in the United States generally supported his decision.

The failure of the Genoa Conference was followed by the failure of the Hague Conference and by the failure of the London Conference as explained by Mr. Glasgow in the last number of the New Republic. His picture of complete disagreement would seem to indicate that at last the method of conference among the Allies had played itself out, that the London Conference would leave no heir to its confusion. The total failure to reconcile the views of England and France as to the fulfillment of the Treaty of Versailles left as a logical expectation the execution of the oft repeated threat of the latter to take independent action against Germany. Instead, however, the Reparations Commission succeeded for the first time in establishing a modus vivendi for Germany that was not a contradiction in terms. This was done necessarily with the consent of France; and furthermore the French premier whose scepticism in regard to conferences had been open and scornful, committed himself to the view that a new conference should be held including all the Allies, an emphasis which can be interpreted only as referring to the United States. If such a conference is held and an invitation to participation is extended to the United States, it should most certainly be accepted.

The reasons given by Mr. Hughes for declining the invitation to the Genoa Conference were two. First, after a study of the agenda furnished him, he decided that the conference was political rather than economic and in its political objects the United States could not helpfully join. Second, he objected to the inclusion of Russia in a general conference until "adequate action is taken on the part of those chiefly responsible for Russia's present economic disorder." There is every prospect that the first objection will be satisfactorily removed by the agenda of the next conference. Difficult as it is to separate political and economic considerations, the supreme and pressing importance of the latter is likely for the time being at least to eliminate the former. A prophecy of this is that the force behind M. Poincaré, controlling his policy of further intervention in Germany, and doubtless inspiring him with new hope in conference, is French business. Since the Genoa Conference the double dilemma of international debts and reparations has taken precedence of every other question, even the Russian. With Mr. Hughes's second objection, the New Republic has, it is needless to say, not the slightest sympathy. It is, however, conceivable, in view of the failure of the Allies and Russia to agree at Genoa or the Hague, that the question of the Russian debts may be postponed. We do not understand that when M. Poincaré said "all the Allies," he meant Russia.

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But even supposing that the grounds of objection raised by Mr. Hughes to attending the Genoa Conference are not entirely removed, still we hold that the United States should go in. The condition of Europe is desperate. So far from fulfilling the optimistic prophecies of Mr. Hoover of gradual stabilization and recovery, that continent has plunged with accelerated speed abyssward. The international situation of Germany with the decline of the mark and the checking of industry is such that the country advances toward winter with every prospect of international disorder on a large scale. The Russian famine, Mr. Hoover again to the contrary, is not stayed. Austria is a pauper. In Italy the chief palliative of disorder is that it is so habitual that it has become endurable. France, it is clear, must follow at a slower pace the financial and industrial course of Germany. England is unable fully to surmount her industrial crisis without a recovery of foreign trade. It is impossible to state the situation too strongly. The plea which Europe sends us next will be a cry of agony, almost of the last agony. To be indifferent to it would mark us as an inhuman nation.

There are various reasons for looking to the next conference more hopefully than to any of its forerunners. The chief of these, of course, is the attitude of France. For the first time it is possible to approach the problem of European reconstruction without having to reckon with the possibility that France prefers the ruin of her adversary to her own salvation. If there is the slightest spark of sense showing in French policy it is for our statesmen to blow it into a flame. Again, the very momentousness of the situation that has subdued even the refractory spirit of France will make other nations in their degree more accessible to reason. It has been the burden of American official opinion, somewhat sanctimoniously expressed, that Europe should show that she is prepared to behave herself before we can help her. We submit to those austere moralists, Mr. Hughes and Mr. Hoover, that they should be alert to note signs meet for repentance, and like the God upon whom they call, should be careful not to break the bruised reed or quench the smoking flax.

There is one point in particular which makes American participation in a future conference more hopefully productive of good than in the case of the last conference at which we were fully represented. That is the growth of an informed public opinion in this country in regard to European matters. It is a truism that at the conference of Paris one of the greatest obstacles to the carrying out of Mr. Wilson's peace program was the ignorance and prejudice of American opinion. It is not for us to point the finger of scorn at the English with their "Hang the Kaiser," or "Make Germany Pay." The state of the American mind was expressed by the inscription on the arch erected in Madison Square in honor of the dead, which reminded the living that they had to spend the next fifty years sitting on the necks of eighty million Germans. The sentiment was as temporary as the structure which expressed it; but it was sufficient, in its day, to render the part of the United States in the Paris Conference unproductive of good to Europe and humiliating and dishonoring to itself. The rapidity and thoroughness of the disillusionment in this country in regard to the Treaty of Versailles are favorable signs. So is the gradual extension of understanding in regard to the true situation in Europe out of which the war came, and the degree of immediate responsibility for it. It is perhaps too early to expect a generous enlightenment of public opinion on the question of international debts and their relation to the German indemnity. Nevertheless a beginning has been made in opening the public mind: and a conference will itself exercise a widely educative influence.

It is this better mind in America in regard to Europe which constitutes the chief ground for believing that an appeal in behalf of the latter, put forth with conviction by the administration, would find response, and that our participation in a general conference would be supported by public opinion. There was something unspeakably shabby about our desertion of Europe after the war. The New Republic has never wavered in its opinion that the Treaty of Versailles was a pact of dishonor; but it has never held that we escaped that dishonor by refusing to ratify it and withdrawing all aid and countenance from Europe. On the contrary our part in that treacherous transaction was secured by the participation of our representatives in drawing it up—of the President surrounded in Paris by a horde of our leading citizens who flattered and applauded his weakness and undermined his strength. The roots of the present woes of Europe are found in the departures of the Treaty of Versailles from the original agreement on which the war ended. The United States as the nation receiving the capitulation of the enemy under the pre-armistice agreement, had in its hands not only the honor, but, as it now appears, the safety of its Allies. We were false to our obligation to the infinite disaster not only of Germany and Austria, but of all Europe. In the years immediately following it did not appear that our own state of mind or that of Europe made possible any useful cooperation. Signs of such a possi-

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bility in the future should be welcomed as indicating an opportunity for reparation and atonement —welcomed at least by all who do not believe that "my country right or wrong" implies persistence in the wrong as well as in the right.

The Failure of Railroad Arbitration

THE futile thunderings of Mr. Daugherty and late indications of the approach of at least some kind of a settlement on the railroads, have torn from the public mind the last remaining memory of the agency which was charged two years ago with the duty of preserving peaceful relations between railroad operators and their employees. The arbitral settlement of industrial differences is, however, too important to permit this dismal collapse of the Railroad Labor Board to pass unnoticed. Perhaps a suggestion of the causes of its failure will help to prevent the organization of boards like it in the future.

The successful arbitration of industrial disputes is the business of experts. It requires an intimate knowledge of the custom and practice of industry. Where the parties to arbitration are each organized in trade union and employers' association, the arbitrators must have a nice appreciation of shifts in power and in the strategic position of both parties. The arbitrators are engaged in manipulating an exceedingly delicate and sensitive balance. They must know when threats to use force are real and when they are not. While they may often invoke abstract principles of social justice, the wise and practised arbitrators are aware of the fact that a peaceful settlement rests on their understanding of what in practice each of the litigants will or will not accept. Both trade unions and employers' associations are often foolishly led and make preposterous and unwarranted demands on each other. But it is only rarely that both have not measured their own strength accurately and sensibly long before the clouds of battle have begun to gather. What they know about their own desires and intentions, a board of arbitration must make every effort to learn, before it even ventures to decide the issues that have been submitted to it.

Arbitration, as we know it in organized industries in this country, moreover, is no more than the voluntary submission to third parties of issues which union and employer cannot settle among themselves. In the typical arbitration proceedings, organizations of workingmen and of employers are universally conceded positions of equal standing. No arbitration machinery has ever been successful in this country or elsewhere, which has deliberately set about by means of its decisions to whittle away the power of either employers' association or union. As long as the arbitrator contents himself with the maintenance of the prevailing balance of power, he is successful and peace rules in the industry. No sooner, however, does he see in arbitration an opportunity to apply his own prejudices and inclinations to industry and proceed to decide so as to weaken the one or the other side, than he is doomed to failure. The wise arbitrator values peace and uninterrupted service by industry more than his personal preferences. He may be an ardent advocate of the open shop and of individual bargaining in the intimacy of his home, but as an arbitrator under a closed shop agreement he rules in consonance with the terms of the agreement and with the expressed or implied sentiments of those who made it.

Tested by standards of arbitration such as these, the Railroad Labor Board has been a total and tragic failure. It failed first because it was unwilling to accept the actual and practical status of unionism in the railway industry. Its point of departure was not the union standards prevailing in the railroad industry in 1920 and thereafter, but the non-union and open-shop standards existing where unions were weak and uninfluential. In place of interpreting those forces peculiar to the transportation industry and translating them into the decisions of the Board, it constituted itself a court of liquidation or of receivers and proceeded to write decisions that could have as their effect only the weakening and liquidation of the railway labor movement. Wherever past industrial practice on the railroads afforded standards of labor relations, the Board disregarded them and sought their standards in industries where liquidation of labor was most drastic and least difficult. In no unionized industry in the country, and indeed in few non-union industries, was liquidation attempted with such severity and with such a disregard of conditions as on the railroads. Practically on five different occasions, and in the short space of less than two years, the Board ruled against the railway unions. The exhibit of these rulings is in itself sufficient to convict this board of arbitration of an appalling lack of understanding of the conditions that make for industrial harmony. The decisions of the Board, as is indicated in the following rough tabulation of its major rulings, did not only reduce wages and lengthen hours, but also struck at the very heart of the strength of the railway unions:

1. The first wage cut.
2. The second wage cut.

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3. The abrogation of national agreements.
4. The modification of over-time rules.
5. The modification of piece-work rules.

Where tribunals of voluntary arbitration in private industry moved cautiously and timidly, made slight reductions in wages, did not disturb the hours of work, and kept intact the accumulated powers of the labor organization, this public agency cut ruthlessly into wages, hours, working rules and union power, with a fine disregard for precedent, prevailing conditions, and for the future of arbitration in the railroad and other industries.

The failure of the Railroad Labor Board is not, however, limited to its procedure during the peaceful period of its existence. Its greatest and most eventful blunder it made on the eve of the present railway strike, when it met the threat of a strike with the counter threat of outlawing the strikers and their organizations. The Board did not have the excuse that the issue raised by a threat to strike was new in industrial relations. It is, in fact, impossible to recall an important strike in the United States in which the first steps taken by the employer were not to outlaw the strikers, to declare the strike ended, and to throw all conceivable types of safe-guards about strike-breakers and non-union workers. It is the employer's method of breaking a strike. It is a method he employs for undermining the spirit and morale of the workers. It is not, however, the method that arbitrators employ in their attempts to make an adjustment and to restore peace. They do not associate themselves with the employers and give aid and comfort to the strike-breakers. Before the strike actually begins and even while it is in progress, a practised board of arbitration forgets its dignity, disregards the fact that its authority has been flaunted by the strikers, and carries on negotiations with them. For when all is said and done, in those industries in which workers have a semblance of strong organization, the final settlement, when it is made, is made between union and employer and not between occasional and temporary strike-breakers and employer. These plain facts of record and of experience, known even to casual students of the labor movement, the Railroad Labor Board saw fit to overlook, just as it had overlooked the balance of power on the railroads before the strike. To members of the railway unions and to their sympathizers these actions of the Board, following so close upon its past decisions, mean only hostility to trade unionism and to the practices of organized labor. Unfortunately the record of the Board justifies these feelings.

The American public is now paying the cost of the ignorance and ineptitude of its public servants. The pity of it is that this signal failure of arbitration will have its effect, as it already has, not on the railroads alone, but on all industries in which voluntary arbitration has struggled so long and so effectively to obtain a footing.

Dime Literature

MR. FORD has made it cheap and convenient for us to ride around in God's Best Country, but no one has yet produced jitney editions in which we can ride through the World's Best Literature. Mr. Haldeman-Julius of Girard, Kansas, the publisher of some two hundred and thirty-nine volumes in a "Ten Cent Pocket Series," has come nearer to this achievement than any one else yet, but he is a long way from being the Henry Ford of Literature. There is as wide a difference between mere metal cogs and an automobile as there is between mere reading matter and literature. And so far the Ten Cent Pocket Series has included much less of the latter than of the former.

Take the titles of the two hundred and twenty-nine square little blue covered booklets, handy and badly printed, each of which costs you no more nor less than a ride uptown in a Fifth Avenue bus. They are extraordinarily incongruous. There is a good representation from classics and semi-classics: The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, The Christmas Carol, Aesop's Fables, The Pillars of Society, The War Speeches of Wilson, The Confessions of an Opium-Eater, Tartuffe. There are quantities of volumes to feed a general and budding curiosity about the world, about people, about books, about history, about oneself: The Foundations of Religion, The Principles of Electricity, Wells's Discovery of the Future, Has Life Any Meaning (a debate between Frank Harris and Percy Ward), Hugo's Battle of Waterloo. There are nearly a dozen volumes of Proverbs of all Nations, and a list of Synonyms, and a Rhyming Dictionary, and the Thoughts, Witticisms or Aphorisms of Pascal, Whistler, Keir Hardie. There are almost as many guides for people determined to climb up some mental or physical ladder: How to Attract Friends, How to Develop a Strong Will, How to Live to Be a Hundred, Common Faults in Writing English. The greater part of the series is books either iconoclastic or reconstructive of a socialist future: A Socialist Appeal (with quotations from Authoritative Sources), Shaw's On Going to Church, Bram's Smasher of Shams, Robert Ingersoll's A Debate on Did Jesus Ever Live, The Socialist Pepperbox. And of course there is plenty on sex: What Every Expectant Mother Should Know,

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Marriage and Divorce (a debate between Horace Greeley and Robert Owen), Manhood: The Facts of Life Presented to Men.

What, you may well ask, would be the effect of such a conglomeration of genuine literature, propaganda and correspondence school courses upon a mind intelligent but innocent of all reading matter? What a queer, colored, lively and misshapen picture of the world would grow in the head of someone who had never read anything before, who had just learned to read, perhaps, and read Mr. Haldeman-Julius's series from number one to number two hundred and thirty-nine! The only plan that one can discern behind the series is that it should widen some newly-born horizon. What strange bedfellows such a self-horizon-widener would find as he gnawed his way through the series. Here are some of the contiguous pairs: Proletarian Poems and De Maupassant's Short Stories; Jack London's What Life Means to Me and Pelléas and Mélisande; The Importance of Being Earnest and The Communist Manifesto; Pillars of Society and The Care of the Baby; Shakespeare's Sonnets and the Life of Debs; Carlyle's The Choice of Books and Bryan's The Prince of Peace; Sherlock Holmes and Voltaire; Michael Angelo's Sonnets and Sex Life in Greece and Rome; Marx vs. Tolstoi ("A Debate" held when and where we should like to know) and Alice in Wonderland. We are reminded of Vanity Fair's scoreboard, which showed a tie, in the critics' quantitative judgments, between Dr. Samuel Johnson and Krazy Kat.

A post mortem operation on the grey matter of someone who had read the series, or even only part of it, would show as heterogeneous a collection as could be found in the crop of a rooster; sand, lepidoptera, coleoptera and straws, with an occasional precious stone. But the rooster enjoys life, and if—as we have no doubt is the case—Mr. Haldeman-Julius's grabbag, costing only ten cents a grab, increases joy in the hearts of people who have only money enough to read street signs and the Daily News, we take our hat off to him as we do to anyone who is working for progress.

Yet we must confess our snobbishness in the matter. There was once an old southern lady who had known Booker T. Washington since he was a small boy, and who, though very fond of him, remained toward him entirely southern in her conduct. When he came to see her—it was at the height of his reputation—she would always say to him, "Now, Booker, dinner's ready for you in the kitchen." And he invariably obeyed. We who have been brought up on books, and have made in our minds class distinctions among them as we do among people, have our Booker Washington volumes which must sit in the mind's kitchen. And we who are even so far advanced as occasionally to write things for other people to read, cannot but have queer sensations when confronted with such a list as The Ten Cent Pocket Series. We think—perhaps with a shudder we hate to own to—how strangely those titles from the four hemispheres of reading-matter, from its calm settled surface as from its raw underworld of propaganda, would look on our own shelves. Many of us are as staid in our book habits as we are in our food habits, and would meet a thoroughgoing reader of the ten-cent series with somewhat the same feelings we should have at eating with a companion who consumed in order lobster, corned-beef hash, pie, meringue, bean soup and pancakes.

But only by eating do we learn in the long run what to eat. The Ten Cent Pocket Series is a sort of hors d'oeuvres to whet mental appetites. If you consume them, you are tickled into expecting the greater things to come. If you live, as so many people are forced to, in a ten-cent-limit world, you may not only get substantial if variegated nourishment at the hands of Dr. Haldeman-Julius, but your hunger for print may eventually lead you into libraries.

The Ten-Cent Pocket Series, we are told by the publisher, has sold more than twenty million copies in the last three years. If we assume—as we probably have a right to—that a great part of these twenty million copies were bought by people who might otherwise have read nothing all their lives but the newspapers, then we must be grateful to Mr. Haldeman-Julius. The gratitude is lessened, however, by the number of people whose reading will not be continued beyond the series.

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Education as Engineering

MRS. MARY AUSTIN in her illuminating article on The Need for a New Social Concept gives an apt expression of the contrast in contemporary behavior between our power in physical engineering and in basic human concerns. We can, as she points out, easily construct a new type of bridge; we cannot create a new type of education. It would be a comparatively simple matter if schools were destroyed to restore them out of a denuded social consciousness; it would be very difficult under like circumstances to recover ability to make a modern bridge. "The reason is that we have been thinking about education long enough to form a pattern in our minds but not long enough of the multitudinous processes involved in the building of steel bridges."

The meaning is clear, and there is nothing to be gained by a meticulous critique of words. But for radical renovation of the school system, a revision, almost a reversal, of wording would seem to be required. Instead of saying that we have thought so long about education—if thinking means anything intellectual—it would be closer to the realities of the situation to say we have only just begun to think about it. The school system represents not thinking but the domination of thought by the inertia of immemorial customs. Modern bridge building, on the other hand, is quite inconceivable apart from the use of materials determined by purely intellectual methods. Our steel cantilever bridges represent precisely the kind of thing that custom unmodified by thought could never achieve no matter how far it was carried. Because bridge building is dependent upon thinking it is easy for thinking to change the mode; because education depends upon habits which arose before there was scientific method, thinking with great difficulty makes even a little dent.

Consequently if our school system were destroyed, we should not have to recover our "minds"—our intellectual equipment—to restore our schools. It would be enough if we retained our habits. To restore modern bridges we could dispense with formed habits provided we retained our intellectual technique. There is an ambiguity in referring to a "mental pattern" in connection with schools. The pattern is not mental, if we mean a pattern formed *by* mind. There is doubtless a pattern *in* our minds, but that signifies only a sense of a comfortable scheme of action which has been deposited by wont and use. The pattern is so deep-seated and clearly outlined that the ease of its recognition gives rise to a deceptive sense that there is something intellectual in the pattern itself. In engineering the pattern is mental in quite a different way. It summarizes a distinctively intellectual type of behavior.

A sense of this contrast seems essential to adequate reflection on the question of how educational procedure is to become a form of constructive engineering. William James said that anyone grasps the significance of a generalization only in the degree in which he is familiar with the detail covered by it. Now detail means things in concrete existence. We are familiar only with things which specifically enter into our lives and with which we steadily reckon and deal. All concepts, theories, general ideas are thin, meagre and ineffectual in the degree in which they are not reflective expressions of acts and events already embodied, achieved, in experience. New conceptions in education will not of themselves carry us far in modifying schools, for until the schools are modified the new conceptions will be themselves pale, remote, vague, formal. They will become thick, substantial, only in the degree in which they are not indispensably required. For they will offer precise and definite modes of thinking only when new meanings and values have become embodied in concrete life-experiences and are thus sustained by them. Till that time arrives the importance of new concepts is mainly negative and critical. They enable us to criticize existing modes of practice; they point out to us the fact that concrete detail of the right sort does *not* exist. Their positive function is to inspire experimental action rather than to give information as to how to execute it.

There was, I take it, no definite art or science of modern bridge building until after bridges of the new sort had been constructed. It was impossible that the new art should precede the new achievement. The formulae for construction, the rules of specific procedure, the specific classification of types of problems and solutions had to wait upon presentation of appropriate concrete material, that is upon successful experimentation. Nevertheless the pioneers had something to go upon and go ahead with, even if they had no specified art of bridge building to rely upon. They had a certain amount of dependable knowledge in mathematics and physics. The difficulty they suffered from was that no one before them had employed this knowledge in building the kind of bridge that new social conditions called for. When

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they tried to imagine a new type, the minds of all but a few were surely held in bondage by habituation to what was already familiar.

The essential need was thus human rather than scientific. Some one had to have the imagination to get away from the "thought" of the existing easily recognized pattern. This took daring, the courage to think out of line with convention and custom; it took inventiveness in using existing scientific material in a new way, for new consequences. It took intellectual initiative to conduct experiment against almost universal indifference or reprobation; it took intellectual honesty to learn from failure as well as from success in experimentation. The pioneer succeeded in making his bridge—and ultimately making a new art or scientific technique—because he had the courage of a creative mind. Consider the history of any significant invention or distovery, and you will find a period when there was enough knowledge to make a new mode of action or observation possible but no definite information or instruction as to how to make it actual. Every time it was a courageous imagination, a quality which is personal, human, moral, rather than scientific or technical, which built the bridge—in every sense of the word bridge.

There is at present no art of educational engineering. There will not be any such art until considerable progress has been made in creating new modes of education in the home and school. But there does already exist a considerable body of observations and ideas in biology, psychology and the like which serves to criticize and condemn much of our existing practice, and to suggest to a mind not weighed down by fear the possibility of new leads and openings. Given imagination, courage and the desire to experiment and to learn from its results, there is a push toward, a momentum for creative work. Its concrete consequences if subjected to honest or discriminating reflection will afford material for the elaboration of an art, a fairly definite body of suggestions and instructions for the later intelligent conduct of an educative art. But this technique will be largely ex post facto. It is equally fatal to postpone effort till we have the art and to try to deduce the art in advance from the scientific knowledge in biology, psychology and sociology we actually possess. If earlier mathematicians and physicists had attempted to anticipate the result of inventive experimentation in bridge building by deducing from their sciences the rules of the new art, it is certain that they would have arrived only at improved rules for making the old and familiar type of bridge; they would have retarded the day of the new type; they would have concealed from view the necessity of the indispensable human factor—emancipation from routine and timidity. The case is the same with the creation of new types of schools and the ulterior development of an art of education.

There is no question that would-be pioneers in the educational field need an extensive and severe intellectual equipment. Experimentation is something other than blindly trying one's luck or mussing around in the hope that something nice will be the result. Teachers who are to develop a new type of education need a more exacting and comprehensive training in science, philosophy and history than teachers who follow conventionally safe lines. But they do not at present need a translation of this knowledge into a science and art of education. They do not need it because it cannot be had and the pretence of supplying it makes conditions worse rather than better. When, for example, psychology is employed simply to improve the existing teaching of arithmetic or spelling for pre-existing ends, or to measure the technical results of such teaching, let that fact be clearly acknowledged. Let it not be supposed that there is really any advance in the science of education merely because there is a technical improvement in the tools of managing an educational scheme conspicuous for its formation prior to the rise of science. Such "science" only rationalizes old, customary education while improving it in minor details. Given the required intellectual equipment, the further immediate demand is for human qualities of honesty, courage and invention which will enable one to go ahead without the props of custom or the specious pretensions of custom masquerading in the terminology of science.

At present we are still largely in the "rationalizing" stage. Consequently, as was pointed out in an earlier article on Education as Religion, educational concepts nominally as diverse as culture, discipline, social serviceableness work out in practice to mean only a little more of this or that study. The scope of our rationalizing is seen in the fact that educational theory as taught in our teachers' training schools has been revolutionized in the last generation, largely in a decade. But where is the evidence of any corresponding change in practice? The most optimistic soul, if candid, will admit that we are mostly doing the old things with new names attached. The change makes little difference—except for advertising purposes. We used to lay out a course prescribed by authority for the improvement of the minds of the young. Now we initiate them into their cultural heritage. The staples used to be taught in certain ways on the ground that the

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crude and lawless minds of the young needed to be chastened by discipline in things above and beyond them. Now we appeal to "inner motivation." But we teach much the same topics, only in a more gracious, less repellent way. Strange, though, that the opposed needs of external discipline and of inner purpose should be met by so nearly the same subjects and topics!

I am not insinuating that there is personal insincerity in this state of affairs. In part it is due to the fact that docility has been emphasized in education, plus the fact that in the main the most docile among the young are the ones who become teachers when they are adults. Consequently they still listen docilely to the voice of authority. More fundamentally the outcome is due to the fact that a premature attempt is being made to lay down a procedure, definite proper courses of subjects and methods, by which teachers may guide themselves, the procedure being nominally derived from our new knowledge in biology, psychology, etc. But as we have seen, this cannot be done; no results so definite as this can be reached until after the change in educational practice is well under way. When the attempt is made in advance to answer specific questions which will arise in the course of employing the new knowledge, to supply in advance definite suggestions as to courses of procedure, it is inevitable that the minds of both "authorities" and of students intending to teach should fall back upon just the old practices which they are nominally striving to get away from. For here alone is there material concrete enough to permit the formulation of definite problems, answers and steps to be undertaken.

In short, at present, both students and teachers of education are excessively concerned with trying to evolve a body of definite, usable, educational directions out of the new body of science. The attempt is only too natural. But it is pathetic. The endeavor to forestall experiment and its failures and achievements, the attempt to tell in advance how successfully to do a new kind of thing ends, at most, in a rectification of old ways and results, plus a complacent assurance that the best methods of modern science are employed and sanction what is done. This sense of being scientifically up-to-date does endless harm. It retards the creation of a new type of education, because it obscures the one thing deeply needful: a new personal attitude in which a teacher shall be an inventive pioneer in use of what is known, and shall learn in the process of experience to formulate and deal with those problems which a premature "science" of education now tries to state and solve in advance of experience.

I do not underestimate the value of the guidance which some time in the future individuals may derive from the results of prior collective experience. I only say that the benefit of such an art cannot be had until a sufficient number of individuals have experimented without its beneficial aid in order to provide its materials. And what they need above all else is the creatively courageous disposition. Fear, routine, sloth, identification of success with ease, and approbation of others are the enemies that now stand in the way of educational advance. Too much of what is called educational science and art only perpetuate a régime of wont and use by pretending to give scientific guidance and guarantees in advance. There is in existence knowledge which gives a compass to those who enter on the uncharted seas, but only a stupid insincerity will claim that a compass is a chart. The call is to the creative adventurous mind. Religious faith in education working through this medium of individual courage with the aid of non-educational science will end in achieving education as a science and an art. But as usual we confuse faith with worship, and term science what is only justification of habit.

JOHN DEWEY.

Women and "Their" Magazines

HOW are women—patient, long-suffering beings, ceaselessly preached at, admonished and advised by male "professional understanders," by male editors, and even by women themselves!—but how *are* they to be roused to demanding economic equality when "their" magazines, reaching millions, talk down to them in this fashion:

> Where there is the greatest freedom in the world for womankind, she [the feminist] finds slavery and degradation. Where there is new freedom on an ever expanding scale, she strains a morbid fancy to raise bogies and banshees of man-tyranny that have been buried since the dawn of the nineteenth century.

No wonder many women, constantly administered raw narcotics like this on the editorial pages of their favorite magazines, and subtly blended doses of soothing syrup on its fiction pages, are lulled into forgetfulness of their contemptible economic status, and into complacency over their "new freedom."

Against the incubus of these so-called "women's" or "home" magazines, edited chiefly by men—in a few cases by women who obediently carry on the male tradition—how can our sex be roused to feel that they have not yet even the poor measure of "freedom" that men have? Against this incubus,

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how can mothers, the unpaid household drudges through the ages, be roused to demand that the economic value of their labor in the home be acknowledged by law and society, which acknowledgment would raise that labor to the status and emolument of a skilled trade, a profession? Authorities agree that the service of mothers in bearing and rearing the new generation is incalculably important, and that no civilization can progress farther than its women progress. Is it not then vital for men, women and children that the status of all women be raised from that of "dependents" to "equals"? But millions of American women, although the vote is won, are still inside the four walls of their houses, "being supported," according to legal and social theory, while doing twelve and fifteen hours a day at unpaid labor. And "their" magazines continue to tell them in honeyed words to stay there.

I hold in my hand the only "organized" housewives' protest I have ever seen, in the form of a printed circular, which reached me by mail:

Membership Many Millions
Branch In Every State
Chapters In Every Community

Association
of
Overworked—Unpaid—Dishwashing
Housewives

Headquarters
By the Cookstove and the Cradle
With the Washtub Nearby

This circular protests against the housewives' 15-hour day and 105-hour week, as contrasted with the industrial 8-hour day and the 44-hour week. It is signed "Sara Smith, President," and "Matilda Brown, Secretary," and was posted in Brooklyn. Let us hope that Brooklyn housewives will lead us to light.

But meanwhile, by all available evidence, it is the policy of the "home" magazines to keep women, or a majority of them, where they are, at the headquarters mentioned above. Just as these publications did not support equal suffrage until it became popular and inevitable—one of the largest opposed it till the last—so they are today not urging women to take "the next step," equal economic and political opportunity. While their chiefly male, high-salaried editors are valiantly standing for the most daring doilies, the most revolutionary stitch in knitting, and the most risqué thing in custard pies, some women are fighting for this next step and others are putting over motherhood endowment and birth control! But to read these magazines "dedicated to women's interests" you would not know any fight was on, except with the housefly, or cockroaches, or the washing-machine. Are the editors women haters? Not at all; I am told that their editorial policy, and even the trend of their fiction, is shaped by their advertisers. One of the largest of these magazines, made famous by its nation-wide "better baby" campaign, soft-pedalled in its columns the importance of the breast-feeding of infants, which the reports of the Children's Bureau show greatly reduces infant mortality, while artificial feeding greatly increases it. (Perhaps because of the lucrative advertisements of prepared milk and baby foods the magazine was carrying?) The advertising manager of another very important woman's publication almost lost his position because he O. K.'d a widely published newspaper advertisement appealing to "progressive" women to subscribe to the magazine! Warned the boss: "Our advertisers are afraid of women getting *too* progressive and spending less time on housework, thus cutting down their purchases of the things listed in our guaranteed advertising. So be careful!"

And so we have the development of these enormous "home" magazines, with circulations running into the millions, which are really little more than "trade journals" written for women in their "trade" as housewives. But they are obviously not designed to simplify or improve the life of the housewife. They make it more complicated and expensive of time, labor and money, with their recherché receipts and articles about "up-to-date" houses, plumbing and furnishings, guest-rooms and nurseries, fancy-work and fashions. Oh, for a generation of women engineers to tackle the job of household engineering from a woman's viewpoint, and to simplify the work in the individual house by cooperative community agencies! How much time, money, energy, brain-power and executive ability could thus be released for "public housekeeping" and human affairs, while husbands, children, and the home would undoubtedly be better off than they are now!

When will women, patient creatures, see clearly enough to protest against the trademark, the brand of these magazines that are called theirs, the pictures of themselves as wives and mothers appropriately arrayed in housewives' uniforms, working oil, gas and electric stoves, furnaces, carpet-sweepers, washing-machines and clothes-wringers, or cooking and serving various foods—all the wares of the advertisers—with sweet, seraphic smiles on their faces? As if they never had, or wanted, another thought! When will they revolt against the stream of editorials, articles, and even fiction designed to keep them satisfied with these

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endless tasks and their inferior economic status? Against the editorial policy of criticism or silence toward the vanguard of the woman's movement? Only by individual and organized protests and many of them, can any impression be made upon these "trade journals," which prosper on maintaining women as housewives—brakes and parasites on the woman's movement!

I wrote, oh, such a mild and harmless little article last year, in which I urged women to work for the next step, equal economic opportunity, equal participation in human affairs and government. It was rejected by every woman's magazine—and practically every other monthly magazine—in New York and Boston. The most significant comment was that of the editor of perhaps the leading woman's "trade journal," who wrote: "I have decided that this article (whose whole appeal was to women to raise their status!) has not *a wide enough appeal* to the readers of this magazine." (The italics are mine.) One editor shrank timidly from it. "It is entirely against our policy to publish such an article," he said nervously. Another wrote—*she* wrote: "Your article conflicts with a series we have in preparation." (The series advised women not to run for public office, but *to train for citizenship.*) Another wrote: "I do not see what good purpose would be accomplished by publishing this." Another: "This is no time for such an article." And so on. Much worn and battered, both of us, I finally submitted it to the editor of a far western magazine. He accepted and published it. (Western editors *may* be less for the housewife's right to unpaid labor, but I noticed this magazine did not carry much household advertising.) This same article was accepted this summer by one of the leading English reviews, the editor telephoning me at once, "Such an article deserves publication," and it promptly appeared.

This, women, is the attitude of "your" magazines toward your advancement. What are you going to do about it?

ANNE MARTIN.

Tin-Mines and Orchids

I.

ON most maps Singapore looks just around the corner from Calcutta. Asia is an unmanageable continent, and to get all of it on one page in the geographies means scaling it down immoderately. Actually Singapore and Calcutta are no more neighborly than New York and Denver. This corner of the world is far away; we know little about it, and care less. Burma and Malay—tin and oil and orchids—men and women with their own worries and their own way of looking at them, on their own side of the world almost straight beneath our feet—out of all this welter there is only one name really familiar to us. Great cities like Penang and Kuala Lumpur might as well be off in Mars. But there is one city whose charms are sung each evening by a thousand summer porches and the hurdy-gurdy man. . . . "On the road to Mandalay, where the flyin'-fishes play, and the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay."

It is slow progress, but there is no reason to feel downcast. The Beach at Waikiki is on the map, even if Silesia and Vilna are a little vague. The Blue Danube, Bagdad and Cairo are all fixtures. Gradually, as one popular song hit succeeds another, the curtain rolls back from the unknown.

II.

One time I saw a footnote in our own Congressional Record that now comes back to me, in Burma. Through the native shops of Rangoon, Burmese gentlemen parade with Burmese ladies in bewildering profusion. What are they doing with all these women? "Those having ladies with them," said my Congressional Record footnote, "are marked with an asterisk for wife, a dagger for unmarried daughters and parallel bars for other ladies." That system would save a lot of alien curiosity, in Burma.

Invariably these shoppers are gaily dressed. It is not surprising that the asterisks, the daggers and the parallel bars should adorn themselves with anklets, bracelets, scarfs and pseudo-silks, and wear white flowers in their hair. They are Oriental women. But it would be less easy to foresee that the male wardrobe would turn out to be more brilliant still. Here are five gentlemen who pass me in the bazars along the river front: (1) a gentleman in a pair of cerise trousers and a felt sombrero; (2) a gentleman in a loin cloth; (3) a gentleman with bare brown legs and a barber's white duck coat that fairly glistens; (4) a gentleman in a red skirt and yellow tam-o'-shanter; (5) a gentleman in an ordinary bath towel and a sailor

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hat. Easter Sunday in Rangoon would be a great adventure; but who would set the fashion?

Obviously there isn't any fashion in Rangoon. Apparently it is each for himself, and the devil take his choice. And perhaps the reason is that Burma has a rather elementary social system: no castes like India's, no royal court, and no Four Hundred. If a London tailor hoped to earn his livelihood in Burma, a book of fashion-plates would help him less than an aristocratic club or two. Fashion lags until men pant to imitate their betters.

III.

This is the story told of a bell that hangs in a Rangoon temple:

Sixty years ago, at the end of the second Burmese war, a British army cut it down. It was a large bell—reputed, in fact, to be the third largest in existence—and the British planned to take it back to London as a trophy. With great difficulty they brought it down from its perch upon a hilltop and carted it to the river. There, in the effort to transfer it from a lighter to one of Her Majesty's frigates, the bell slipped overboard and sank in midstream. All the Queen's derricks and all the Queen's cranes couldn't get it on shipboard again. The Queen's engineers tried windlasses, levers and diving suits. They jerked at it with a cable wound over the drum of a donkey-engine. All without luck. This third heaviest bell in existence lay on the bottom of the river, and there it stayed. The effort to lift it was abandoned.

Several years later, a few monks from the temple where the bell had hung appeared before the British governor. If they could raise this bell, they asked, would they be allowed to keep it?

Rangoon laughed, the request was granted and the monks went down to the river. For some time —there is no record just how long—they were busy building bamboo rafts and lashing them with unpretentious rope. Then they burnt some incense on the river bank, called on Buddha, tugged at the sunken monster and up it came. They took it home to its hilltop temple and there it hangs today.

How will the story be told, at the end of a few more generations? In the East, no less than in the West, miracles take on stature as time passes. This happened only sixty years ago. Another sixty years, and perhaps it will be told that Buddha himself returned to earth, that earth trembled and the heavens parted. Perhaps it may even be told that the bell was swallowed by a whale.

IV.

There are American engineers in the oil-fields of Burma, and after a fashion Rangoon caters to their tastes. To that fact I owe this copy of a New York morning paper, with its news of what happened seven weeks ago. There is a rather sensational statement from the City Hall. Editorially, the United States Senate is accused of wasting time. On the whole, I think what would startle Burma most would be several short dispatches scattered over various pages, each reporting recent progress with the task of saving souls.

A bank in Newark has instructed its young ladies that skirts must fall four inches below the knees; Police Inspector Byron Sackett has ordered draperies hung upon three cream-colored plaster figures at Coney Island called The Fallen Angels. A New York legislator has introduced a bill providing for the arrest of anyone doing more than forty fox-trots to the minute—provided, too, that "the lady's left hand should rest upon her partner's arm or shoulder, and not extend to his back or neck."

All this would interest the people who are passing my porch in Burma, once they were persuaded to believe it. That there were such things as Blue Laws would not be news to them. They have Blue Laws of their own. The ten precepts of Buddhism forbid them to slay an animal for food, and to eat at forbidden hours. Blue Laws, as such, would not startle them—but the direction in which those Laws were aimed.

I shall not be able to find in Rangoon a book that probably has been written; its chapters will deal with people living in cold climates who regard it as something of a sin to expose their bodies, and people living in hot climates who regard it equally as something of a sin to eat meat or to eat irregularly. And the title of the book will be Climate—Its Influence on Morality.

V.

Originally because it claimed to possess three hairs from Buddha's head, and now because there is nothing within a thousand miles that can compare with it in splendor, the Shwe Dagon Pagoda is the most sacred Buddhist shrine in all southeastern Asia.

Between tiers of shops that sell flowers and holy candles, little Buddhas and cheroots, a long staircase leads up a hillside to an open court. The Pagoda stands in the centre of that court, a dinner bell with a giant handle. It is coated with gold leaf, taller than St. Paul's, more than a quarter of a mile in circumference at its base. The court around it is alive with lesser temples. There are image-houses with bars that make them look like circus cages; Buddhas outdoors, indoors, looking through the windows; Buddhas sitting, stand-

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ing, kneeling, sleeping—Buddhas of gold and marble, sun-dried clay and teakwood.

The Shwe Dagon is always crowded: parties of pilgrims are engineered from one temple to another; young girls sell flowers; teachers camp on pagoda steps, blackboards on a box before them, pupils squatting in a circle; shopkeepers spread their wares in what would seem to be the most sacred corners, selling spoons and silks and scissors; brown loafers sleep in the shade, head propped against the broad back of the god himself. There is no awe here, and no restraint. This is an outing, not a ceremony. The whole place swarms with people seeing sights and being entertained.

You think again, as you may have thought in India, how varied the function of religion in this tropic world. In a civilization devoid of country clubs and roller-coasters, religion comes to the rescue with a substitute for sport and entertainment. There are Buddhists who contemplate nirvana, and resent this overgrowth of ritual and mardi gras. They would purge their faith of these accretions. Some day, with that in mind, a radical reformer may propose to build a Coney Island.

VI.

On the last lap of the road to Mandalay, three hundred miles north from Rangoon by land and more by river, there is nothing that becomes a more familiar item in the landscape than the bell-shaped Burmese pagoda. It is never so huge as the Shwe Dagon, and it is seldom decked in gold-leaf. Bright white or brick red is more common, with perhaps a short gold spike on top, or a canopy of bells that rattle when the wind blows. There is no end of these pagodas. They appear as methodically as windmills in the Netherlands. Here and there is one in good repair; most of them are tumbledown. An impressionistic eye would estimate that if all Burma chose to worship simultaneously, there would be one pagoda for each member of the congregation.

Why are hundreds of new pagodas built each year, with no effort to salvage any of the old ones? There is a legend current that only in the case of the three great temples Shwe Dagon, Arakan and Pegu, is it a virtuous act to contribute funds for upkeep. For the rest, repairing does not count. To win Buddha's favor it must be a new pagoda.

Perhaps this Burmese legend is just a salve to conscience. East and West may have a trait in common here. Veblen's theory of conspicuous waste—the joy of making an impression through sheer prodigality—may have built those myriad pagodas on the road to Mandalay, as it builds great public buildings in the West, too ornate to be habitable, while the slums go on decaying.

VII.

Malay begins with a Bar Harbor, but there ends its similarity with the coast of Maine. The Bar Harbor is Penang—a tamed city, with its native town hidden behind avenues of planters' and merchants' homes in Western style, lavish enough to pass muster in an American summer colony. You have got there, from Burma, in three days or seven, varying with your luck in catching steamers. South to Singapore the rest of the way is something more spectacular: five hundred miles of jungle, swamp and mountain—tin-mines and orchids, black rivers, straw-roofed houses riding on high stilts, and rubber forests.

It is a place like this that tempts a writer into patois. For patois is a short cut to local color. Often, to be sure, it is a lazy man's method of not working for the word he wants; and sometimes it suggests mystery or idiosyncrasy or complexity when there isn't any. Still, it gives a romantic flavor to humble acts and humble objects. In a Malay setting no girl unties her sash or lies down on a rough straw mat; instead, she lets her sârong fall, as she lies stretched full-length upon the soft kâjang. . . . Always, with a deft flip of his jôran, the lithe native brings the sĕpat to the bank beside him. . . . How much better than admit that he has caught a mud-fish.

VIII.

To anyone save the well-informed, it comes as a surprise to find that the orthodox faith in Malay is Mohammedanism. Coming east, the last previous Moslem stronghold is the Punjab—and the Punjab, on an air-line, is two thousand miles behind. There is an ocean in between, and two other hostile faiths. Islam leaps both Brahminism and Buddhism, crosses the sea, and raises its banner under the southern cross in Malay. Here, hedged in with jungle, the muezzin sounds the same call to evening prayer that echoes in the desert. In garbled Arabic, the village elders chant interminably the same verses from the same Koran.

It is said of Mohammedanism that while it has made vast inroads on other religions, it has never lost a people once converted to its own cause. Various reasons are suggested. Some of them scarcely apply in Malay; others do—and one of these is the annual pilgrimage to Mecca. There are thousands of Malays, every year, who undertake the long trek to the holy land of Islam. By no means all of them come back. Those who do are heroes.

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The pilgrimage is a binding force in Islam. It sets a concrete standard of perfection, invites the layman to play a master's rôle, brings outer fringes into contact with the centre. It is like a national gathering of Republicans in Chicago, or Elks or Hardware Men in Atlantic City, in its rejuvenating effect upon group interest. Islam makes use of the inexhaustible appetite of human beings for "conventions"—instead of relying, as religions usually do, on the more impersonal primary.

IX.

More and more the native Malay costume yields to Western standards. When a man's whole wardrobe is a sash, it is a wider sash in seaport cities than in villages of the hills. The panama is popular in business circles. The waistcoat is apparently here to stay, though not necessarily in company with congenial coat and trousers. Possibly, in the larger cities, and among the wealthier people, the original Malay costume will gradually disappear—except for those gay ribbons of which the Malay is so fond.

He will keep the ribbons. Western fashions will not rob him of them. For with the march of Western civilization, ribbons acquire greater charm than ever. They are worn less garishly; on the coat-lapel or the stiff-shirted bosom, rather than around the ankle or just above the ear. But if they are less conspicuous, they now have some real meaning. That bit of purple worn by the coolie on the wharf is all right for him today; another generation or two, and this special shade may be reserved for the Knights of the Cobra, honi soit qui mal y pense, or the Order of the Fiery Rhinoceros. It may be conferred with no little ceremony upon the foreign journalist who belligerently espouses the cause of Malay at a Peace Conference, or the ambassador who pledges his country's resources to a Malay Irridenta. Ribbons are popular with men everywhere. In the East they are more decorative. In the West we use them more.

X.

A Malay fisherman stands entranced before a billboard Charlie Chaplin. . . . North from Singapore the enterprising movie picks its way. It is the cowboy picture and the slap-stick comedy that win favor. Malay is a poor market for Camille. It has little appetite for Tess. But let the sheriff whip his pistol from its holster, or the baker's apprentice greet his master with a well-aimed pie, and Malay shouts its interest. What it wants is action.

It is from America that the more stirring pictures usually come; and into this peninsula they carry the message of the bathing beauty and the soup tureen. More and more does America cease to be a great unfamiliar continent. It takes on contour, begins to have a soul. A strange land, but an exciting one—where all women wear silk stockings, all dentists use large hammers, all policemen fall down manholes, and all tubs of kalsomine sooner or later inundate a human being.

It is a rather fantastic America that many a Malay patron of the movies carries away with him. But then we thank him, usually, with an equally fantastic Malay. If he begins to look for chorus girls and broken collar-bones, we look back to him for cannibals and bloodthirsty minuets around a tom-tom. We do not often think of Malays as rather ordinary people, wondering what to do on Sunday and worrying about the cost of living. It is hard to get impressions to cross an ocean unless they are at least moderately sensational. What another people has in common with us is usually the last thing we are told, and certainly the last thing we want to hear.

CHARLES MERZ.

Five Trees

Five pine trees held up on the nape of a broken hill
  Huddle and dream in a pattern of disarray.
The first is twisted with thought; it is gnarled and still;
  It has nothing to throw to the winds that tore its branches away.

The second is restless with youth. It answers the wind
  With laughter of leaves; it claps its green hands
At every air stirring, no matter how fetid or thinned;
  It sings, with impatient abandon, of all that it scarce understands.

The third is expansive, a generous mother of trees.
  All day it keeps crooning an old wives' patter of charms.
And the cold moon is held, for a spell, on compassionate knees,
  And the wind is a child that it hushes to sleep in its arms.

The fourth has a taunt for each breeze; it dares to be taken,
  Sure of its roots in the solid, respectable earth.
The fifth is a dying trunk, too old to be shaken
  By winds that are less to it now than half-hearted whispers of birth.

Five pine trees held up on the nape of a broken hill
  Huddle and dream in a pattern of disarray . . .
And you pass among them. They touch you; you alter.
  Stand still!
Which are you to-day?

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

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Fact-Finding

THE coal strike is ended. Its close has not, however, brought a solution of those problems of the industry which competent observers have considered to be the root of its difficulties. While industrial peace is for the time restored, chronic underemployment, wild fluctuation in prices and in output are destined to remain features of the coal industry in the future, as they have been in the past. This industry, whose "sickness" was the subject of so much passionate discussion during the strike, may easily continue to be ill for years to come, unless effective efforts to cure its diseases are made by a competent and authoritative public agency. So far as the recent struggle between miners and operators has yielded any curative proposals at all, they have assumed the form of legislation, now pending in Congress, providing for the creation of federal commissions, instructed to discover the facts about the coal industry. It is on the discoveries of such fact-finding commissions that the hopeful now pin their faith for those recommendations that will lead to a more efficient and more serviceable coal industry.

The federal administration of the United States is not inexperienced in the art of fact-finding. Since 1880, certainly, the public archives have been filled with the facts collected by one agency or another. Except for general information on the state of the nation furnished periodically by such agencies as the Bureau of the Census, the most illuminating material has almost invariably come from permanent government departments vested with administrative or executive functions. The statistics of the Interstate Commerce Commission are the outgrowth of the control exercised by the Commission over the American transportation system. Likewise the great mass of material collected by the federal war boards was gathered in the exercise of powers of administration. The price-fixing committee collected prices and costs for the purpose of fixing the prices of commodities. The Fuel and Food Administrations and the War Industries Board concerned themselves with statistics of industrial capacity, supply, and consumption, because their task was to regulate the volume and flow of materials. In these and in many other cases of the same nature throughout the history of public administration in the United States, public bureaus have chosen their facts in the light of their administrative purposes. It should, therefore, be possible to utilize the experience of such agencies to indicate the problems that confront a fact-finding commission in the coal industry.

It seems, first of all, a fundamental principle in the collection of facts, that the more clearly defined and precise are the purposes for which the facts will be used, the more useful are those facts likely to be. There are innumerable instances where material gathered over a long period of time was found useless for the specific necessities of administration. The Interstate Commerce Commission, for instance, has long classified the occupations of railway workers. When, however, the Railroad Labor Board undertook the regulation of wages and working conditions, it was forced to adopt a new and more detailed classification of railway occupations and to collect its statistics with reference to this revised classification. The Food Administration, similarly, while it made effective use of all the statistics of the Department of Agriculture, soon found it necessary to make frequent changes in the method of collection and in the interpretation of them. Such experience with the employment of facts showed clearly that information collected for general purposes only, rarely met the requirements for facts that could be made to serve as the basis for action. Apparently the type of facts that answer everything in general, answer, when the occasion arises, nothing in particular. If, then, it is proposed to gather the kind of data about coal that may be employed in the concrete task of reforming the industry, it is first necessary to define precisely those problems of the industry which the facts are designed to illuminate.

What, accordingly, are those problems of the American coal industry whose solution is so pressing? Dissatisfaction with the organization of the coal industry has arisen with the general public out of the uncertainties of the price and supply of coal and with labor out of the desire for higher wages and more regular employment. The trade unions raise the question whether the industry, as it is now organized, cannot afford to pay a higher level of wages and to yield steadier employment than it is now doing; and the public is concerned with finding the most economical organization of the industry. The interests of trade unions and the public are, of course, not wholly separable. But as matters stand today, it is still desirable to break the larger problem of coal into the two problems of this nature. In the first case, the task consists in measuring those factors in the industry that bear on its capacity to pay different rates of wages, and

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in the second, the task is one of devising a form of industrial organization that will serve the public with a steady supply of coal at low prices, that will offer continuous employment to its workers at fair rates of wages, that will conserve the coal resources of the country, and that will be comparatively free from interruptions in work due to industrial disputes. From the standpoint of temporary fact-finding agencies, the throwing of light on both of these problems presents great, if not insuperable, difficulties.

Many times, even in the last decade, various aspects of the coal industry have been subjected to public investigation. And always the findings of the courts of inquiry, full as they were of facts, have been incomplete and inconclusive. The reason for this is not hard to learn. The kind of data that are now available in the coal industry do not in large part lend themselves to satisfactory analysis. In this respect the coal industry is no different from other industries that have come under public control. The valuable statistical reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission are the result of more than thirty years' grappling with the variety of accounting systems that originally prevailed in the offices of the railroad companies. Beginning with the work of the late Henry Carter Adams, the first statistician of the Commission, standard accounting forms were adopted and gradually uniformity and comparability were achieved. With regard to facts, the coal industry today is almost in the position the railroads occupied before 1887. The practical difficulty of learning about the industry is illustrated in the failure of the Federal Trade Commission to lay down a uniform system of accounts. Mr. J. D. A. Morrow of the National Coal Association, in his testimony before the Senate Committee on Manufactures in January, 1921, agreed that "there were some differences in the accounting principle between the method which we had recommended and the method employed by the Federal Trade Commission" (p. 202). Before the same committee, the former fuel administrator, Mr. Garfield, gave as his opinion that statements of fact "should be based, of course, on uniform accounting required of the coal operators" (p. 1262). The Federal Trade Commission, also, in its various reports on the prices and costs of coal testifies again and again to the difficulties arising from differences in accounting practice. For this condition there is no simple and quick remedy. It is hardly to be expected that a temporary commission, limited in time and staff, will go far in effecting those changes in accounting methods that are the basis of sound factual analysis.

When it comes to the problem of reorganizing the industry so as to add to its efficiency, it is hard to see how the large-scale accumulation of facts will be of great service. The symptoms of the disease of the coal industry have long been known. While more precise measurements of the many manifestations of illness would be highly desirable and probably useful, after they are made they will throw little light on how the industry will conduct itself when it is cured of its diseases. The task before a tribunal of investigation at this stage of the game is to use its constructive imagination in formulating a public policy for the regulation of the coal industry, instead of continuing the pursuit of the elusive facts of past and present performance. There is no way of telling through fact collection how superior to an old form of industrial organization a new one can be, until the new form is in operation and yields its own data. Once a fact-finding commission has accepted this position, its function is not the writing of history but the formulation of future policy. Then it may with benefit to itself and to the country proceed with the analysis of many fundamental problems which it would otherwise not touch. It would then, of course, inquire into the cost of purchasing the bituminous and anthracite coal mines of the United States. It would address itself to the question of whether sound public policy dictated the outright nationalization of coal mines or whether the public interest would be best served by the preservation of private ownership coupled with stringent public control. It would examine anew the status of trade unions in the coal industry and it would pass on the merits of such suggested policies as the compulsory extension of unionism into the non-union fields of West Virginia and Alabama. A report of a fact-finding agency, dealing with facts of this type, could not fail to inform the American people what the problems of the coal industry really are.

If we may judge from our past experience with attempts to reorganize and control private industry, that court of inquiry into the problems of the coal industry will be most serviceable which has permanency of tenure, which is entrusted with the power to define and enforce methods of accounting, and which has the foresight to frame the outlines of a comprehensive, future public policy toward the industry. The mere collection of facts will not do. We cannot afford another fact-finding adventure that will yield a mass of sprawling, inconsequential, irrelevant "facts" so much like the masses that already fill the great volumes issuing daily from the Government Printing Office.

LEO WOLMAN.

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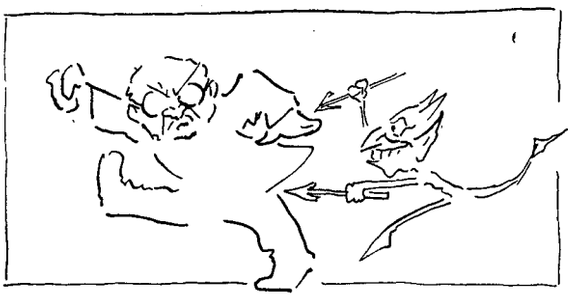
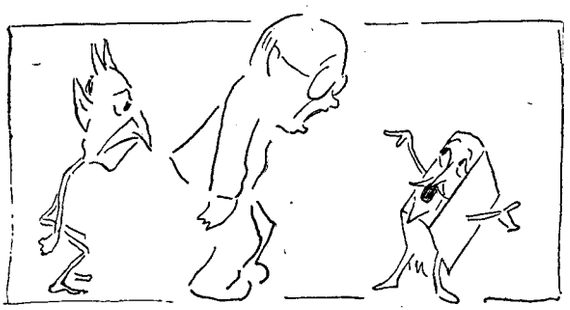
The Crow's Nest

It's all in the knowing how to do it

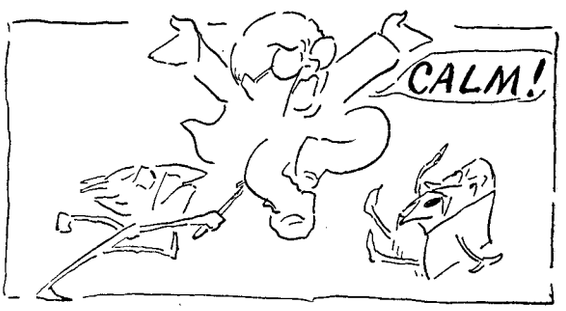


(1) He is in a terrible temper about something or other—the demon of anger is goading him.

(2) He looks for Coué's book on self-suggestion, to get some relief.



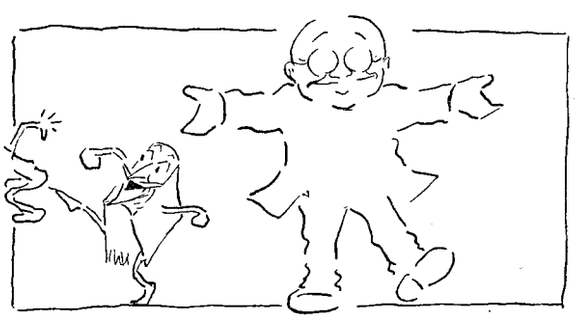
(3) "No effort whatever is needed," the book explains. "Merely say the word 'calm.'"



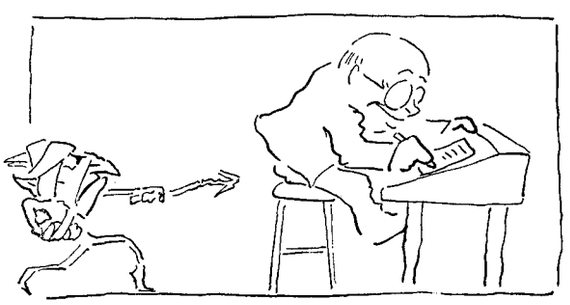
(4) "Stop, stop! say it peacefully! No effort! Sit down and relax."

(5) "The idea of calm will create calm. Your anger is dying."

(6) "Look out! Think of calm, not of anger, or it will return."



(7) Victory! The scheme really works!



(8) "Thanks to you, M. Coué, my anger has left me forever."

CLARENCE DAY, JR.

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The So So and the Future

So This Is London, by Arthur Goodrich. Hudson Theatre, August 30, 1922.

The Torch Bearers, by George Kelly. Forty-Eighth Street Theatre, August 29, 1922.

IN the play by Mr. Goodrich, via Mr. Cohan, there are two young people who have fallen in love with each other on the voyage from New York. Her parents are English and hate Americans, his parents are American and hate England and the English. Lady Duckworth, American born and English by marriage—played by Miss Lily Cahill with the pious aplomb of a kind of rouged platitude—labors to bring the two sides together. And this, with the untangling of the shoe factory sale, which is suspended between the two fathers, brings the piece to an end, a recognition of mutual virtues and a happy marriage.

That is the play, and the run of it keeps up to the very last. It does what is expected of it. It has the expected rhythm of parts: the scene that enacts the American father's vision of how the English parents would act—which he could tell you exactly—is balanced gladly by the scene in which the American parents do what the English father foresees—as he could tell you exactly; the motifs all through balance one another, the lumps of patriotism, of love, of opinion; we have parallel waves of conclusions and responses. The play knows how to flatter the public both legitimately "as you flatter a well-loved child, to better, to enlighten it," as Goethe said, and otherwise, "as you do a pampered child of quality to perpetuate the error you profit from." The Americans in the play do as the majority in the audience think they would, and the English turn out to be what the thoughtful people present, the same majority—if they bothered to think it out—know to be the real truth about them. And the play flatters the stage American wit, whose exaggeration, stalish violence and short-lived mirth make it so easy and tedious. With this flattering level the acting corresponded. Though the girl—Miss Marie Carroll—and her parents—Mr. D'Orsay and Miss Marion Grey—are above that standard, the mediocre and half-vulgar vivacity of most of the acting was grateful to the generality of the audience, who took it evidently quite bona fide. And yet, however diverting it was to see the simplicity and naïveté with which the audience took this supposed gentility as acted there, it was depressing enough to think that so much of it answered so perfectly to their ideals.

In The Torch Bearers a group of people are bitten with the little theatre idea. At the leading lady's house the husband returns to find a rehearsal of the play going on, directed by Mrs. Duro Pampinelli—so well played by Miss Alison Skipwith—a rapt egoist whose stage promise had been blighted by a husband. The part has fallen late to his wife when the sudden death of the first leading lady's husband had removed her from the cast. The husband of the new member, as the first had done, falls senseless when he sees his wife act. But in spite of this the rehearsal goes on; art is art, as Mrs. Pampinelli sternly insists. The night of the play comes round, the cues are wrong, half of a mustache falls off, the actors stumble on the door strip, and finally when they are taking their calls the curtain breaks loose and drops. But there are mounds of flowers and all the actors in the cast agree that they didn't think the audience noticed anything, it was a great success. In the last act the husband—who has seen the performance after all—the wife and the directress fight the question out, the wife renounces acting and art and the husband promises eternal devotion.

All this of course touches on farce, it has at times the exaggeration and the speed of farce, and admirably so. And farce, almost as well as high comedy can do, may carry with it an expert material of human living, a sharp eye and a nose for essences. Mr. Kelly has got hold of something in our American life, and often he has seen it for himself and not as Broadway expects him to see it. In the same way most of his characters talk for their own and not their Broadway selves. And he has moments of real wit; when that unseen directress, the votaress of a high and selfless art, cut off from making her bow to the audience by a broken rope and fallen curtain, goes running about among the screens and properties in her frenzy to meet with her share of the applause, and then, baffled in that attempt, pitches into the stage manager and thunders at artistic incompetence; or when Mr. Twiller comes off the stage with his half mustache and stands pouring out his aesthetic theory about the acting he has just done; or, better still, when Mrs. Sheppard, three weeks a widow, who at the first had had the leading part, and who had been in the audience heavily veiled, standing at the back, to watch the performance, comes back stage, knowing amid her tears that Fred would have wanted her to come and all, he would have understood. She wants to congratulate the company, to tell them how she too felt what it all meant. Everyone is bowing to the audience, flowers are raining on to the stage. Why does she too not go on? the directress asks. "Do you think they would understand?" she moans, eagerly. And a moment later she comes off radiant, with an armful of crimson roses, not entirely out of it after all. That one stroke turns the whole mania inside out, the egotism, the incongruity, the head-on will to show itself. It carries the theme of the play to a quintessence, and it is as brilliant as anything I know in all satirical comedy anywhere. It has about it in its field that supreme dramatic invention in which the incident, the character and the comment are all together at once completely revealed.

But The Torch Bearers is not yet written into a play. It has none of the fundamental virtues that make the other comedy so vigorously hearty. And though it does not show the virtues of the other, it shares some of the faults; in its humor, for one instance, which is sometimes cheap, too much the expected Broadway brand; or in the husband, who has too much of that stupid, blunt, forced and vulgar repartee that passes on our stage for the typical droll American male. And the structure of The Torch Bearers breaks down for lack of any frame to carry it through. As it stands it is really matter for a forty-minute piece. Molière fell in the same way once on a larger scale. In The Misanthrope he had superb material, dear to him, the portrayal of great charm, culture, distinction made socially impossible and absurd by a jealous egotism. He set this out with poignant and delicate understanding, a just scale of social values, a sweet daylight humor, a loving, firm tolerance, and with style and wit and elegance. But The Misanthrope was in its day and has been ever since a failure played. It is not quite theatre. And Molière saw that so clearly that no play of his after The Misanthrope ever lacked its sure framework to go upon, its pattern of resolving tangles and cross purposes. Mr. Kelly, if he tries, may learn the same lesson.

In the light of an American comedy for the future all

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this is another matter. If American comedy never gets beyond this type of play that comes to us by way of Mr. Cohan and is much the same always whoever the dramatist may be, it will still have something. It will have a sort of drama that is energetic, clean, journalistic, migratory, that is interesting even, so long as the mind can act without getting into ideas, can engage in pure action, as it were, in something transferred from the legs to the brain, without shading, without thought. This kind of comedy has also a very real and not to be underrated talent for popularity. It has something superficially indigenous, something of the American surface, of the people's heart, ears, eyes and mouths. From the very start it reassures an American audience by its confident air of success. As a play it keeps within the picture; it has the gift for keeping everything so so only. It is as sure as baseball, and almost as close to it, in fact, as it is to art. It follows a tried model in a tried region. But there is something in its guarantee of popular mediocrity that stops it short. Such a drama as this cannot with profit go to school, it is already complete in itself. It is good and very good as far as it goes and it can go no further. Its limits are cultural; it has no mind, it has only stock ideas and catchwords, brisk technical fibre, and energy.

But if a Cohan production is so hale a commodity that it needs no tavern bush to proclaim it, a play like Mr. Kelly's has more call for friends. The chances are at least even that this comedy could have gone on to something important. Wherever the author has been able to judge according to his own and not the footlights he has seen something actual and related it humorously to society. Whatever hope there may be for him will lie in the fact that his art will follow his matter. His matter and content therefore, his quality, his technique, his importance, in sum, will depend on his development in taste, in perception, in horizon, in his personal philosophy, his sincerity, flexibility and lively and gracious mindedness. How far this particular Mr. Kelly can go remains to be seen; his direction at least is hopeful. But obviously the hope for a future in our comedy depends also on the existence of a society and an audience that can understand a fine comic eminence and can respond to a luminous and just and smiling description of itself. Such a society perhaps would, when the time came, call out such a comedy. "Thou wert not born," Epictetus said, "when thou choosest, but when the world had need of thee."

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

[The New Republic welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest, and especially concerning articles which have appeared in its columns. Those of 300 words or less are necessarily more available for publication than longer letters.]

India and the Empire

SIR: Your recent editorial, India and the Empire, and my recollection of other criticisms of the British régime in India that have appeared in your pages, prompt me to comment on the peculiarity of your viewpoint on this subject. One's first impression on reading almost anything in The New Republic in which British relations with India are concerned is that you are possessed of an implacable hatred of Great Britain and everything British. It is only because The New Republic has the reputation of being a "liberal" organ of by no means immature intellectual capacity that one hesitates to dismiss your articles and comments on India as merely the offspring of malevolence.

You must be aware of the essential facts. The spiritual development of the Indians has not been stayed by the advent of stable government along approximately Western lines. Even Gandhi does not say this, whatever he may have to say about Western civilization with its wealth of production with which Americans are above all peoples so familiar. Religious freedom in India is absolute, nor is culture fed to the people compulsorily in any way.

With regard to material welfare, the facts are against you. India has progressed materially under British influence. Indeed a prosperous India, paying its way governmentally and expanding its consuming capacity, is plainly most desirable to the country responsible for the one and catering to the other.

If one examines the administrative accomplishment of the British in India one is conscious of a matter for congratulation and pride rather than dejection and ill temper. The work of the British in India in this respect, judged by the standards of human experience, has been a great one.

It is surely elementary that any intelligent discussion of British rule in India must take into account not only the ideal with which the student is inspired as to that great country, but also the condition of the people, spiritually, economically and politically, and their position in relation to the other peoples of the world. It must take into account the fact that India is on the planet, and therefore surrounded by peoples possessing human characteristics some of which are undesirable, and which have been known to occur even in the United States. To be specific on this point, India would in any case have been seized, occupied, protected or exploited—whatever you will—by one or another of the more "enterprizing" peoples of the world if it had not been drawn into the British Commonwealth. At best it might have been in the condition that China is in today. At worst it might have been in a military strait-jacket such as that of the German African colonies before the war. As it is, India under Great Britain has been secure in territorial integrity, and is growing rapidly in knowledge of that "good government" which in the present state of our knowledge is so necessary for the safety and well-being of any country.

At the present moment an immense and bold experiment is under way in India. Those who are taking part in this experiment ask for encouragement and help, not the disheartening criticism of your pages. You need a new spirit if you wish to maintain a reputation for liberality and intellectual capacity. You contribute nothing to India or the British Empire when you allow your pages to be discolored with gratuitous and irrelevant insults to the Prince of Wales, who is a man respected and loved by many millions of people throughout the world—for reasons sufficient to them if not to you—and to Lord Reading, of whose great qualities not even you can be in doubt.

ALGERNON F. M. GREIG.

New York.

A Year's Subscription for Mr. Belloc

SIR: I have just finished reading Hilaire Belloc's recent book, The Jews, and was amused to find among the many interesting-if-true statements by its apocalyptic author the following choice bit:

"A very marked example of it [i. e. Jewish anonymity in the American press] is a journal called The New Republic, which, though it has but a small proportion of Jewish writers upon it, and though its capital is (I believe) not Jewish, is yet to all intents and purposes the organ of the Jewish intellectuals, always joins in the boycott of any news unfavorable to European Jews, always joins in the clamor for anything favorable to them, and, in general, adheres to the Jewish side, like the Humanité in Paris, or, let us say, The New Statesman in England."

How about a year's subscription to Mr. Belloc as a reward for this remarkable revelation? J. TREIMAN.

St. Louis, Missouri.

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Mr. Punch's Humor

Mr. Punch's History of Modern England, by Charles L. Graves. In four volumes; vols. III and IV. 1874—1914. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Co. $10.00.

THE last two volumes of Mr. Punch's History carry us from 1874 to the outbreak of the war. We witness the passing of Disraeli, the waxing of the labor movement, the flurry of fin de siècle aestheticism, the confirmation of the Victorian compromise in the alliance of the landed aristocracy and the new industrial peerage; and, finally, we see England passing from a series of minor conquests in Africa and India to their inevitable culmination in the Great War. We see all these things as educated, middle-class people in England saw them—people who were blessed with prudent solicitors, who enjoyed the sort of humor that arises from the pleasant digestion of food and who had ready for every occasion a whole dustbin of classical tags which were carried over from their days at Oxford or Cambridge.

The humor of these nice, middle-class people was not the thrust of the rapier, which we call wit: it was rather the nudge of the elbow. Mr. Punch is, in fact, a master of the dig: he readily catches a disparity between one's pretensions and one's position, between a tradition and an innovation; and he points to it—broadly. By turns he digs at the Lords, at the Laborites, and at the L'art-pour-l'artistes. If his humor has none of the tart unkindness of a Simplicissimus, it is often not a little obtuse. In playing for a safe mediocrity Mr. Punch is sometimes as stupid as Aristophanes: he is rarely as devastating as Swift or Shaw. The sort of wit that stabs and wounds and cauterizes with laughter is not to be found in the pages of Punch.

If one is not financially capable of supporting a solicitor, or if one's digestive tract is out of order or if one likes to see a situation freshly without looking at it through Dr. Dryasdust's classical spectacles, Mr. Punch is very often an irritating bore—for the reason that the success of a sally depends upon certain common assumptions, and if one does not, for example, happen to believe that all socialists are envious marauders, the sort of joke that implies this belief is a frost. Indeed, the main fascination of these volumes lies not in their comic values—which are, as I shall show presently, important—but in their allusions: here one sees a thousand things that have taken place during the last century embedded in the thick matrix of affairs from which the historian draws them.

In his very defects, Mr. Punch does justice to the social milieu out of which his philistine attitude and his philosophy have grown. This fact comes out clearly in Mr. Punch's relation to foreign affairs. Although in the early days of the paper there was a tradition of Cobdenite pacificism, the imperial development of the second half-century under Disraeli and Salisbury caused Mr. Punch to look anxiously to the armament of the British state; and with a persistent seriousness, in which there is not a gleam of satire and criticism, Mr. Punch approves of every step that strengthens England's military position, screams raucously when England's defences appear to be weakened, and urges forward the campaign of preparedness in the days that followed the Boer War. On top of all this, Mr. Graves urbanely tells us that on the eve of the Great War, Mr. Punch, like the vast majority of his fellow-countrymen, neither expected nor desired war. It is impossible to contemplate this muddle-headedness without a touch of exasperation. A paper which attempts criticism—and that is the capital function of such a sheet as Punch—should have a better sense of its bearings. In this respect, as in many others, Punch's loyalty to middle-class standards turns the paper into a solemn jackass.

I am rather harsh in criticism of Punch because it seems to me that the unfamiliarity of English life to American readers causes people to accept as humor what is only novelty. A great many Englishmen think that Life is a more interesting paper than Punch, and they make this mistake—for it is a mistake—under the same delusion that causes us to overvalue its foreign prototype. With the field that Punch has to work in—the sharp crotchetiness of British characters; the salt of the daily common life in farm and mine and city; the thick, personal humus of the British soil—it needs but a certain sympathy and a habit of observation to create a humorous magazine whose excellence will arise from its reflection of the temper of a thoroughly humorous people.

The thing that keeps Mr. Punch from being finer and sharper and saltier than he is, is the dead weight of middle-class tradition, increased by all that is stale and dull in the classical discipline of the universities. Mr. Punch's real jokes arise from a contemplation of the common daily life, with its quirks and humors; his terrible dullnesses derive from allusions to Richard III, or to King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid, illustrated by pictures that are even more stereotyped than the labels themselves. When Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith during the budget crisis are represented as hatters stocking their store-windows with coronets, cheap, the allusion is inspired; when three radical cabinet members are depicted as the three witches in Macbeth, putting the constitution in a melting pot and murmuring incantations over it, the result is not a shock of surprise but a shrug of indifference: the three witches might just as well have been the Three Graces, for all the point that the allusion had.

These characteristics of Mr. Punch's humor are shown very aptly in the illustrations. There is one tradition in Punch which leans heavily to portraits of robust Brittannias with tridents, and sweet figures of Peace with doves in their bosoms: this tradition has all the heaviness of Royal Academy painting at its worst; it represents a sort of dignified inanity which is neither humor nor art. There is another tradition, that of Du Maurier in "high" society and Phil May among the lower orders, which reflects with a fine and sympathetic fidelity the native British scene—the taproom of an inn, the fireside of a suburban home, the top of an omnibus with a revealing touch of London in the background. Here is subtle draughtsmanship in pen-and-ink; and it is usually associated with an equally high order of humor; so much so that I wish I could make the point clearer with a few relevant illustrations. It is in this second tradition that Mr. Punch achieves his genuine triumphs.

At its best, Mr. Punch's humor has roots and associations; it goes back to Hogarth and "Phiz"; and it does not degenerate easily into the painful mechanical repartee between Spinks and Binks that we are accustomed to in America. These British characters whom Mr. Punch delights to portray are not scarecrow abstractions, manufactured for the occasion: they are such M. P.'s, dukes, fashionable ladies, costers, tavern gossipers and bishops as one might lift directly out of their native habitat, with the perfume of the boudoir or the dung-heap still clinging to their clothes. Even when the cartoonist shows them with the labels "First Tourist" and "Second Tourist" he has

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studied his types well, and there is an individual accent in every fold of their coats and in every attitude that they strike. It is this, it seems to me, rather than the felicities of classic scholarship, that sets Mr. Punch miles above any comic weekly that has yet been established in America.

I find it hard to part from these pages of Mr. Punch; it is like saying goodby to a country. In its most sympathetic mood, Punch floats on the ocean of the community's life and rides the waves that rush onto the shore. It is at the moment when these silent waters break into a spray of laughter that one perceives all that is fine and profound in the deeds and tasks and daily observances of our fellows. At this moment, laughter becomes "sudden glory," as the philosopher defined it; and in this glory all that makes a people wise and lovely is realized.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Two Recent Books on the Philippines

The Corner Stone of Philippine Independence: A Narrative of Seven Years, by Francis Burton Harrison. New York: The Century Company. $3.00.

The Outlook for the Philippines, by Charles Edward Russell. New York: The Century Company. $3.00.

INTEREST in the Philippine Islands and their problems seems to move in cycles. It is now, however, some years since any very serious studies on the subject were published and there is a new alignment in Philippine affairs. This gives special interest to the recent volumes by Governor F. B. Harrison and Charles Edward Russell.

In reading these and other works on the same subject, the student of Philippine affairs is always inclined to regret that the approach to our colonial problem could not have been made in a more logical and systematic way. Most books on the Philippine Islands are written by Americans or other foreigners and they proceed from the curiously mixed point of view which characterizes such authorship.

These criticisms apply to most works on the Philippines and incidentally to the volumes of Governor Harrison and Mr. Russell. Of the two Governor Harrison's book is far the more interesting. Its author must, of course, have been bound by many personal and official obligations which unavoidably limited his scope of expression. Then, too, in many particulars the very fact of his official relationships, even though there was no direct injunction of secrecy and no confidential quality in what had passed between him and others, must necessarily hamper him in a considerable degree at a date so soon after his retirement from office. In spite of such difficulties, the book is in sundry sections remarkably and unexpectedly frank, and in others sufficiently so to permit the reader a glance behind the scenes.

The memoir begins with a readable although fragmentary account of the work done and progress made in the Islands prior to the year 1914. It then sketches the main events of seven years' rule in the Islands, supplying incidentally a very reasonable and clear cut view of Mr. Harrison's own theories of administration, and finally gives an extremely interesting review of the author's ideas regarding the colonial question in the East generally. This is naturally treated in a way to bear directly upon the Philippine problem, there being an obvious effort to contrast what has been done in the Philippines with what has been accomplished by other nations, and so to afford a basis for estimating the degree of success that has been realized elsewhere. In this latter phase of the discussion Governor Harrison speaks with unexpected frankness and much of what he says is hardly likely to be pleasing to those who believe firmly in the theory of the "white man's burden" in connection with the control of Oriental peoples.

Mr. Harrison's views concerning the Islands may be briefly summed up in the statement that he has found the natives sincere, straightforward, simple in their tastes and desires, not unduly inclined to tyrannical practices and thoroughly apt in their ability to take on Western ideas, particularly in the field of government and social organization. Under American rule he finds that very great progress has been made, the natives being afforded a far better chance for self-development than in any other Oriental colonial domain. Progress has, however, been greatly retarded by the efforts of a group of Americans who are set upon preventing full independence or the further growth of self-government. As for the government at Washington, it is too remote and indifferent to exercise any very vigorous supervision. More or less constant friction prevails between the civil authorities and those representing the American army in the Islands.

Now as to all this, there is a great conflict of evidence. The testimony of a man who has spent about seven years in ruling the Philippine people cannot, however, be ignored and must always have its value as a historical document. Mr. Harrison's great achievement was that of converting hostility, or at least lack of friendship, into good fellowship and direct support, a change of front which even the Wood-Forbes Commission in its recent visit to the Philippines recognized. His fault lay in the assumption that the natives might be given practically sole control of their government notwithstanding that that government remained under the direction of the United States and that the United States was responsible for it. The truth of the matter about the Philippines, whether we like it or not, is and will remain that the Filipinos are not likely, if left to themselves, to establish or maintain a government that is very closely similar to our own. Why should they? Our own government is the product of Anglo-Saxon civilization, "slowly broadening down" through many hundreds of years and adapted to the thoughts and feelings of a race whose every instinct is almost the reverse of the corresponding sentiment or feeling of the Oriental. Yet as long as we remain in the Philippines it is our duty to maintain the essentials of law and order, finance and justice, as we know them and not to accept responsibility for a country in which there is a very decided departure from these standpoints. Governor Harrison's fault as an administrator is reflected in his book and lay in ignoring this fact. But as already said, it should be remembered that there are today in the world at large only a very few governments to which the term "stable" may be unreservedly applied, and more important still, that "stability" means one thing in one country and another in another.

Mr. Russell's volume is a useful and interesting survey of governmental and economic progress in the Philippines and brings up to date the data which have been sufficiently set forth in many earlier books. It suffers from an admixture of false sentiment or sentimentality and from the effort to make the work interesting which vitiates so many books that are composites of travel, observation and governmental or political analysis. In spite of what seems to be a strong bias in favor of Philippine independence the author reaches the conclusion that Philippine leaders have proba-

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bly not fully estimated the responsibilities and dangers connected therewith. In speaking of the desire of Philippine leaders for an independent government, he records this judgment:

> I could not discover of what the preparedness [for independence] consisted except faith in the extraordinary fertility of the soil, in the world's insatiable demands for its products, and the stability of the Filipino character.

Mr. Russell is inclined to lay great emphasis upon the "contract" entered into with the Filipinos to grant them independence, but he must be well aware of the extreme uncertainty and complexity of any such argument.

Neither Governor Harrison nor Mr. Russell presents a conclusive and convincing argument on the subject of immediate American policy in the Islands, still less on the question of independence. But every American citizen can fairly establish in his own mind a background of ethical and political theory upon which to base his conclusions. Does he believe in independent government for the various peoples of the world? Does he believe in non-imperialistic government for his own nation? These are questions as to which no amount of discussion or exhortation will probably produce any change of front on his part. If his predisposition is against independence he will therefore be able to find abundant reasons why it should not be granted, but he will need none since his mind will already have been made up.

H. PARKER WILLIS.

A Delia for a Juliette

Juliette Récamier, by Delia Austrian. Published by Ralph Fletcher Seymour. Chicago. $4.00.

IN the library of a certain bachelor, known for his austere and somewhat rigid qualities, a life-sized portrait of Madame Récamier hangs conspicuously. Her piquant loveliness adds an incongruous radiance to the gloomy and rather monotonous room. She is there, I have suspected, because she represents a world he would have liked to live in, a world of free spirit and intellect, of romance, charm and beauty.

Delia Austrian's new biography, Juliette Récamier, makes you feel that to the author she is the same sort of symbol. You appreciate the industry, even enthusiasm that prompted the study. But when you've finished reading it, you know as little about the woman as you did from looking at her portrait. You are conscious that she was a vivid and lovely person, that she lived in stirring literary and political times. You know that she lived intensely, thought deeply and suffered much, yet she remains, after all, an unknown personality.

Her biographer, to be sure, tells repeatedly how she looked, where she went, what she wore and all about the first families, "the smartest of Parisian society" who were in full attendance. It's a good deal like reading the society columns of a newspaper. Juliette's life is presented as one long salon, interspersed with flying trips all over Europe. We might become breathless, trying to follow her rapid and brilliant flights if the author had not developed the simple method of a-line-a-day diary. One of these entries is perhaps the keynote of the narrative. "She spent some time with the Queen of Holland at her lovely chateau, built by her on a high rock. The Duchess of Saint Leu and her son Louis Napoleon were lovely to Juliette."

The fact is, everybody was lovely to Juliette. Her biography is really a compilation of tokens of affection. Since her friends and admirers were legion and, most of them, volatile and expressive people, there is a vast array of burning sentiment in which her beauty, goodness, sweetness and charm are extolled. There seem to be quotations and letters from almost everybody living in France at the time. The burden of them all is adoration. Chateaubriand, who played a major part in the drama, summed it up: "One falls with love at her feet and she holds you there, filled with respect."

The list of Juliette's lovers fills about half a column in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, but we are assured that all her affairs were entirely platonic. There is something almost Freudian in the frequent repetition of the words virtue, innocence and purity—they occur on nearly every page. "She always remained pure. She always guarded her desire for conquest, and her gracious personality, her coquetry was pure, almost angelic." What a blow for the Puritans to learn that this gay French lady was only a glorified little Elsie, despite her apparent indiscretions.

The trouble is, I suppose, that biographies like Lytton Strachey's Queen Victoria and Katharine Anthony's Margaret Fuller spoil your appetite for the old fashioned variety. Once you've had the thrill of an intimate, inside view, an interpretation of the real self, its thought, spirit, motivation—a mere chronicle of outside events, garlanded with endorsements by contemporaries, seems a trifle flat and meaningless. Delia Austrian has presented Juliette Récamier in such an objective, impersonal way that it serves chiefly to show a need and opportunity for one of those new and human studies of the real person.

FLORENCE GUY WOOLSTON.

Ascent

Ascent, by Frances Rumsey. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.00.

A FLUIDITY of prose style as even as Frances Rumsey's may sometimes be rather misleading as an index of artistic workmanship. Crude, hard outlines may throw into relief the most reticent and obscure of motives. But discounting an occasional and minor floridness, the tense continuity of thought and feeling in Ascent carries the mind along steadily as on a stream of limpid water, always alive to the poignant, if sometimes vague, stirrings beneath the surface.

The keen mastery of her own technique, the freedom from prejudice, the intense sincerity of Ascent set it apart distinctly and finally from the confused welter of American fiction. Without either humor or sentimentality, it is a quiet, searching study of a stormy life. It has the fundamental pathos of irony. Dealing with that minute portion of the population of the United States whose perceptions have been sensitized by subtler influences than either Main Street or the stock market, it studies their lives in a spaciousness unconditioned by either spiritual or material poverty.

Ascent treats of a woman who prospers and meets defeat through her own shrewd and never ungraceful calculations. Olive Devon lives by her wits, and within the limits defined by her wits, she lives for a time, exceedingly well. The broadening of her mental horizons at an early age by her cynical grandfather who brings her up from childhood, cramps the horizon of her emotions, however,

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until she is utterly incapable of a feeling beyond her quick scrutiny of momentary values. She falls victim easily enough to her own lack of generosity. From her husband she evokes nothing but a clinging loyalty to a cold idealization. Deft beyond most of her sex in extracting from her environment the values which her mind has always sought, she fails miserably because she lends them no warmth. Her brilliance becomes a lifeless curiosity.

Ascent has one serious defect, and that is its excessive length. It is a lesser work than Mrs. Rumsey's first novel, Mr. Cushing and Mlle. du Chastel, where length is rigidly proportioned to the demands of character development. There is some excuse in that Mrs. Rumsey deals always in the twilight of the subtler emotions, that everything is made subject to an intense scrutiny of minute reactions and emotional discords. But in her first novel, as in her remarkable short story, Cash, which appeared in the Century two years ago, the boundaries are more precise, the note of finality is clearer, the sense of accomplishment more marked.

It is, in fact, to the shorter prose narrative that Mrs. Rumsey's method of indirect treatment lends itself best. A more consistent development of the tenacity of purpose that moves beneath the surface of some rather obscure lives than was brought out in Cash is very difficult to imagine. There is a tendency toward monotony in Ascent.

But the book is the work of a keen, unhurried intellect. It has the beauty of a rounded, if somewhat tenuous view of life. It requires time and thought to read. Since we have little time for thought, it will probably be overlooked.

E. W. Lohrke.

Dr. Foulke's Table-Talk

A Hoosier Autobiography, by William Dudley Foulke, L.L.D. New York: The Oxford University Press. $2.00.

THE only claim which this volume has on more than local interest is a fairly full length picture of Theodore Roosevelt. There is nothing unexpected about the picture but one marvels anew at his reckless energy, at his buoyancy, at his capacity for work, at his being the only man that Hay thought had read the ten volumes of the Life of Lincoln, at his romping with his children, at his joy at vanquishing Tammany and the reformers both at once, at his amazing self-assurance, mixed with an open-mindedness and faith in human instinct, which made him willing to lead without seeing the goal, at his partisanship, at his belligerency toward Colombia for the sake of the Canal, at his flair for the practical, at his blessed absence of Phariseeism. Perhaps this authentic portrait of the man whom John Morley bracketed with the Niagara Rapids as the noteworthy objects in America will justify the book.

Speaking of Mr. Morley, there seems to be a comical slip of Dr. Foulke's memory, natural enough in a man who has so much to remember. In commenting on Roosevelt's estimate of Emperor William, "a very forceful man but superficial," he notes, "It is much the same estimate that John Morley gives in his reminiscences on the occasion of the Kaiser's visit to England." He must have forgotten all that John Morley said. I quote from the Recollections: "How much of his [William's] undoubted attractiveness is due to the fact of his being the most important man in Europe who can tell? I had the same sort of feeling about one who was at the moment the most important man in the United States when I stayed with him at the White House."

A. W. Vernon.

Victorian Bibliography

Excursions in Victorian Bibliography, by Michael Sadleir. London: Chaundy & Cox.

MR. MICHAEL SADLEIR, like Paul on the road to Damascus, has seen a great light; and Excursions in Victorian Bibliography testifies to his change of heart. Mr. Sadleir informs us in the preface how before the war, he departed from the faith of his fathers and worshipped strange gods. He confesses that when an undergraduate at Oxford, he "sought disreputable refuge among fleshly symbolists," and that Baudelaire occupied the place of honor upon his bookshelves. Mr. Sadleir has since atoned for these errors, and shown his repentance, by collecting first editions of Anthony Trollope. And his imagination, which in his unregenerate days he tells us "floated on the dim tide of decadence," now has found safe anchorage on the mill-pond of the minor Victorian novelists.

The greater part of Excursions in Victorian Bibliography consists of minute descriptions of the first editions of the works of the eight novelists with whom the book is concerned. In order to appreciate these properly, it is necessary to possess Mr. Sadleir's peculiar enthusiasm for the subject. Failing this, one is not inclined to accord to the information that the frontispiece of one of the first editions of a novel by Wilkie Collins was tinted differently from that of the second edition the importance that it doubtless deserves, and one overlooks the significance of many facts of the same nature.

Mr. Sadleir, however, does not proceed solely from the standpoint of the collector. He has attempted some critical estimates and has written essays on the work of five of the authors, among them, Herman Melville, whose inclusion in the book is certainly its most extraordinary feature. "Que diable fait-il dans cette galère-là?" one is irresistibly impelled to inquire. And Mr. Sadleir himself, is constrained to admit "that he has little in common with the other writers." The sombre author of Moby Dick in the company of Trollope, Disraeli and Mrs. Gaskell, is surely the last word in incongruity. It is as though some image hewn out of granite were set down among Dresden china figures.

Mr. Sadleir's literary criticism does not pretend to be more than perfunctory and it does not succeed in being particularly illuminating. Indeed the principal significance of the book, apart from the interest it might have for collectors, lies in the fact that Mr. Sadleir obviously regards it as being a pious commemoration of his conversion from intellectual heresies. The book bears witness that Mr. Sadleir, purged at last of all tendencies to decadence, all admiration for Baudelaire, Verlaine and Mallarmé, has found the refuge he sought so long in the grandiloquence of Disraeli, the intricate mystifications of Wilkie Collins, and the infinite discretion of Trollope.

Esther Murphy.

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Matthew Prior

Matthew Prior: A Study of his Public Career and Correspondence, by L. G. Wickham Legg. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press. $7.00.

MR. L. G. WICKHAM LEGG'S new study of Prior, a book for the initiate, makes justification difficult. It presents, in supplement to Bickley's Life (1914), material that is often new, sometimes important, but seldom startling. Concerning the secret policies of the brief Tory ministry under Queen Anne some truths guessed at for fifty years are here established. Yet even here it has not been demonstrated that Prior did not lampoon Marlborough and thus lose favor with his Duchess, or that he was as ignorant as he seemed of the Tory attempt to restore the Stuart Pretender. It is unfortunate that Mr. Legg wrote for so limited and so sophisticated an audience. Prior's career as author of excellent prose and some of our best light verse, as political time-server—proposals he negotiated for England came "spontaneously" from France—as assistant important as any at the birth of backstairs diplomacy, offers to the alert biographer excellent and timely opportunities. Most of these Mr. Legg has missed; except for an occasional flash in the letters, his study maintains a pedestrian dullness.

R. D. JAMESON.

Contributors

ANNE MARTIN has been a professor of history in the Nevada State University, and a leader in the Nevada Equal Suffrage campaign, chairman of the National Woman's Party 1916-17, and independent candidate for United States Senator from Nevada in 1920. She has recently returned from six months in Germany and Italy as European correspondent for The Nation.

CHARLES MERZ was graduated from Yale in 1915, was subsequently managing editor of Harper's Weekly, a member of the editorial staff of the New Republic, and later a special writer for the New York World. He is now in Europe.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER is a frequent contributor of verse and critiques to the New Republic. Among his books of poetry are Including Horace, Challenge, and a translation of the Poems of Heinrich Heine. He is the editor of two anthologies: Modern British Poetry and Modern American Poetry.

LEO WOLMAN is chief of the Research Department of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, and a member of the faculty of the New School for Social Research.

LEWIS MUMFORD has been an associate editor of the Dial, an acting editor of the (London) Sociological Review, and a frequent contributor of special articles and reviews to current periodicals. His The Story of Utopias is to be published by Boni & Liveright in October.

H. PARKER WILLIS is a graduate of Chicago University, PhD. '97, and has been a professor of banking at Columbia University since 1917. He is the author of a number of volumes on banking and finance.

FLORENCE GUY WOOLSTON is a member of the editorial staff of the Russell Sage Foundation and an occasional contributor to the magazines.

E. W. LOHRKE is a member of the editorial staff of the New York Evening Post.

A. W. VERNON is professor of biography at Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota, one of the contributors to the Cambridge History of American Literature, and the author of Turning Points in Church History.

ESTHER MURPHY lives in New York, where she was educated at the Brearley School. She is an occasional contributor of critical articles to current periodicals.

R. D. JAMESON has been a teacher of English at the University of Montana and Grinnell College. He is now an instructor at the University of Chicago.

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